

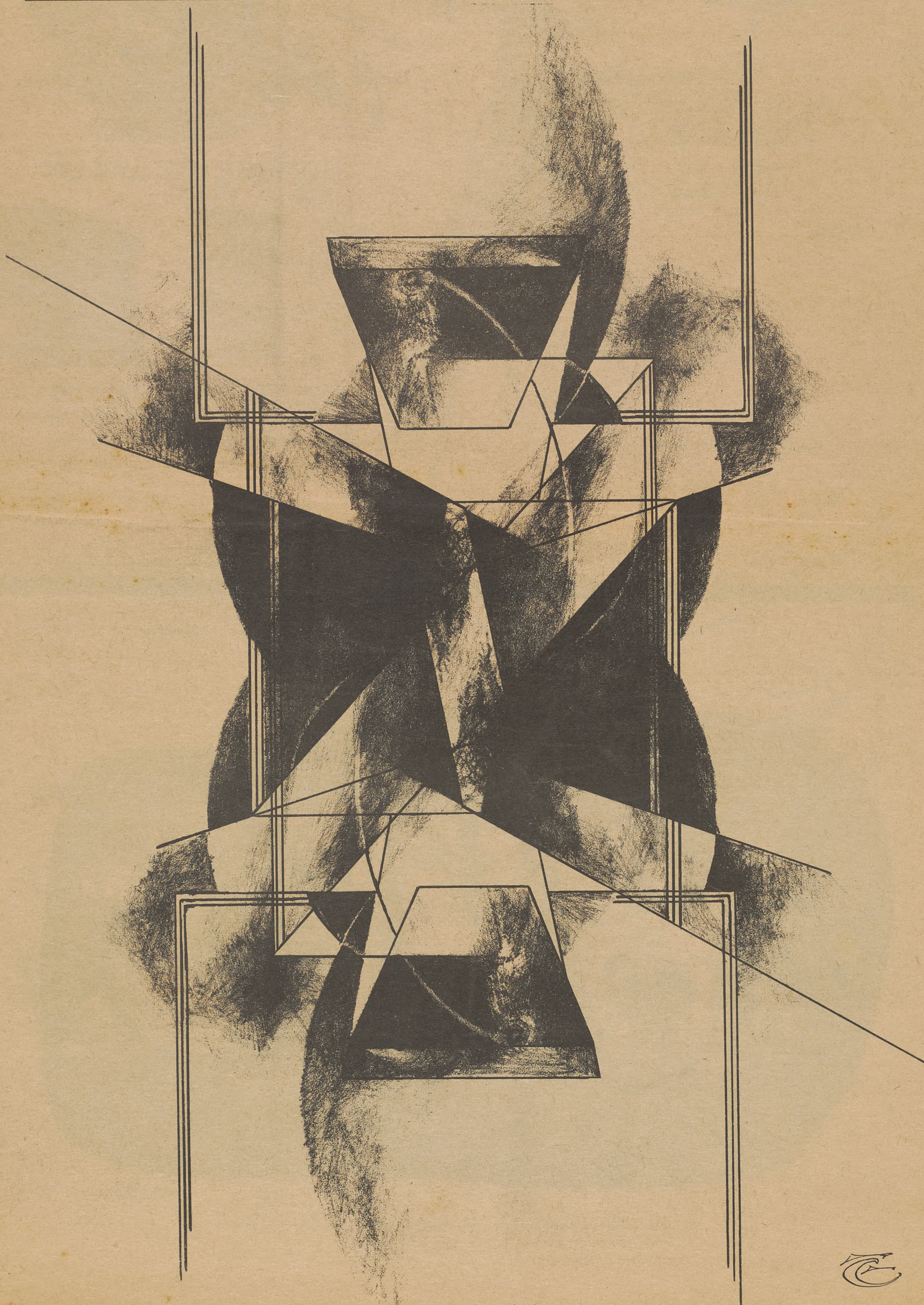
# Woodwind

## WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FREE



*E*





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WOODWIND is open to articles, poetry, photography, graphics, people who are curious. You can either send material to the address above, or call us at 965-9650 anytime during the day for further information.

We are particularly looking for writers on dance, film, electronics, reviews of small presses, music, any experimental art forms, sculpture, painting, and so on. If there is something you feel we should write about, or if you think attention should be brought to any particular idea or actuality, let us know.

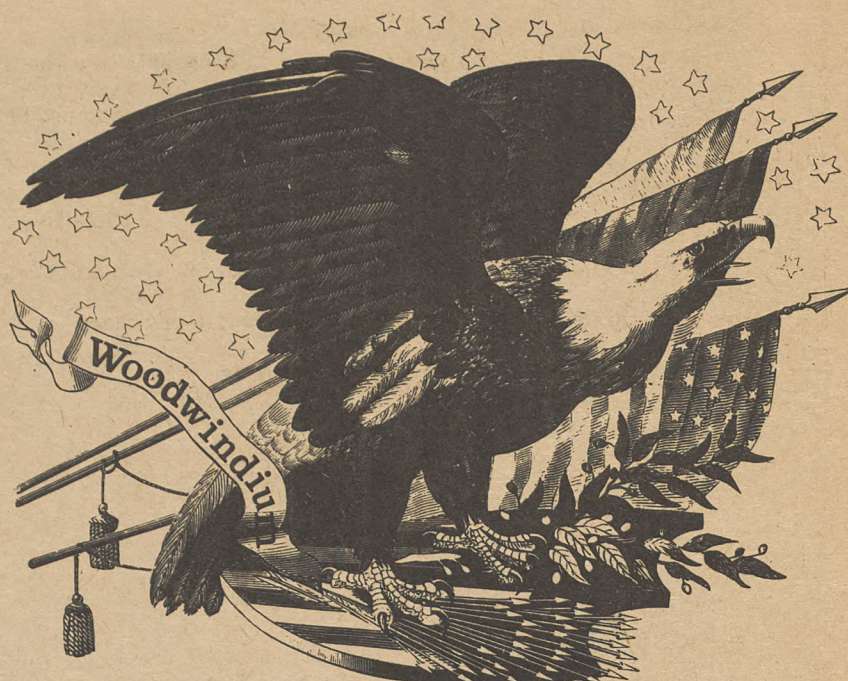
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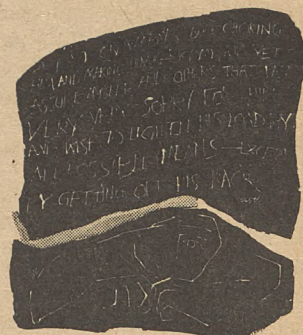
a.



E 30128

Argent's 2nd album contains all the uniqueness of their first. They made giant strides toward U.S. acceptance on their 1970 tour. Their new album will shorten that road to success.

b.



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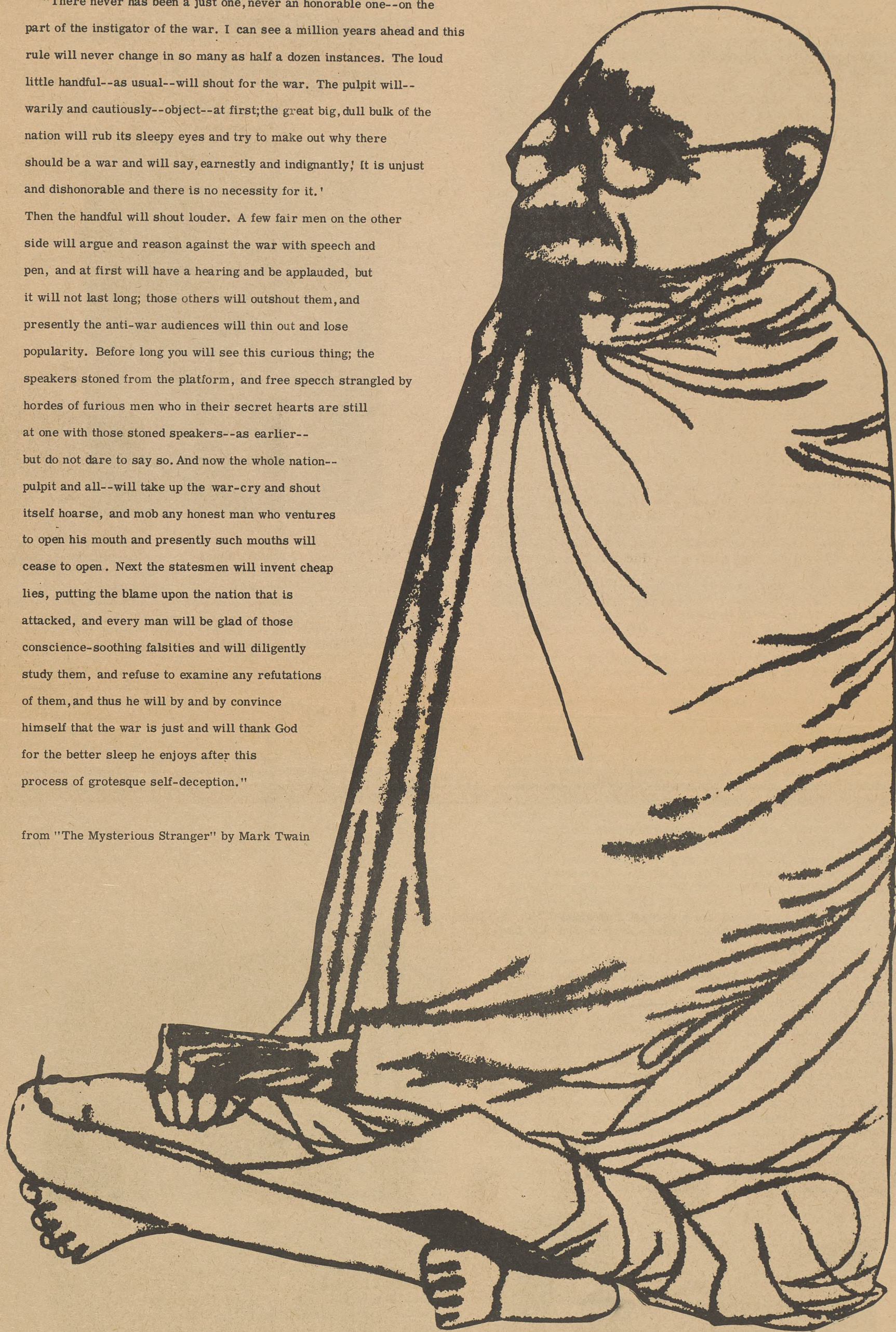




"There never has been a just one, never an honorable one--on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful--as usual--will shout for the war. The pulpit will--warily and cautiously--object--at first; the great big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable and there is no necessity for it.'

Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded, but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing; the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers--as earlier--but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation--pulpit and all--will take up the war-cry and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them, and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

from "The Mysterious Stranger" by Mark Twain



*Bon Shahn*

from Broadside/Free Press



Just off super highway Route #7 deep in the suburbs of Falls Church, Virginia not far from MacDonalds, Toys R Us, the inevitable Peoples Drug Store, living in a small, neat brick middle class house is hardly the place you would expect to find a Renaissance man. Although he emphatically denies it, Mr. Larry Mooney --- self-taught musician, (flute, cello, violin, bass), professional wrestler, movie stuntman, actor, writer of technical books, inventor, ventriloquist, filmmaker, artist, and collector of religious art, antiques, films, film memorabilia mummies, occult objects, wax figures, stuffed animals, circus freaks and mask --- certainly qualifies.

He even looks like an Renaissance man ... fortyish, tall, strongly built, a handsome Romanesque face, wavy black hair, with just a sprinkling of grey, slightly long but not modishly so one imagines it has always been this way. At first I had imagined him in a splendid brocade cape, codpiece, stockings and boots, but a navy blue sweater, dark pants, black loafers, dark green and blue socks was what I was told to expect him to wear, and he did. I suppose you cannot judge a man by his socks ... unless they are white.

He looked very professional as he pulled apart his flute, explaining with infinite patience how it worked, then putting it back together again, trilling a few bars and mentioning his preference in music running to the Baroque, specifically Vivaldi and Tartini. I am sure he looks very much at home playing at the National Cathedral surrounded by Gothic hush, which he has done from time to time.

Then he disappeared back into another room and dragged out his cello which he did not play as his two quite elderly and sick parents had gone to bed for the night. He did the next best thing though, he showed me a picture of himself playing bass in a combo with Johnny Barnes, while an Army officer during the Korean War. "On TV in New Jersey... five nights a week" as he described it and also traveling about entertaining the troops in Korea. He produced a handful of 8 x 10 glossies of road shows at the time and there he was with a cast of thousands, including Billy Gilber "the sneezer in Laurel and Hardy movies", Marilyn Monroe, (combat boots, fatigues and silver nail polish... but a very natural person), Esther Williams, the Harmonicats, Iras Levine, (who was doing Inner Sanctum at the time, imagine the author of *Rosemary's Baby* a 1st Lt. in the Army), "I knew 'em all" he said.

And do you sing too? "Operatic tenor, but only to improve my ventriloquism." Disappearing again (he was always disappearing, never seeming to walk out of a room but as soon as you would blink your eye or look down to light a cigar he wouldn't be there), he came back unexpectedly enough for me to jump a foot or so in the air, with a dummy named Olmstead who sports a 1910 New York fireman's suit and smokes and spits and says things like "Who's the dummy?"

Next time you are cutting in and out of traffic on the Whitehurst Freeway in the morning rush hour don't be surprised if the new white Corvette behind you appears to be saying "after you". Mooney also practices his ventriloquism while driving to work and he is a very polite man.

Work is NASA where he is a consultant and writer of technical books---"150 in the last 10 years, available through GPO". He attended University of Virginia, George Washington Univ., American Univ., and the Capitol Radio Engineering Institute and has been an engineer in the space industry for about 20 years. He also invented a component for the Polaris Submarine tracking system, a patent which was sold to the Navy.

Having been a professional wrestler in 1951 - 52, wrestling the Red Devil, Joe Swinick, Stienborne (Mooney wrestled under his own name although I thought Raven Q. Nevermore would have been suitable) it followed "naturally", I just fell into it" to be a stuntman in the movies. "Dead to The World", based on the book *State Dept. Murders* by Herbert Rowen, was shot in Washington and included other Washingtonians such as Nancy Ames (just as she was getting her start) and Charlie Byrd (who did the sound track --- great score). "I guess they chose me as a stuntman because I was big and could move around fast," he said. Mooney was also the villain's bodyguard as well as a race car driver in "Dead to The World" and "I had to be in a lot of fights". He also was the double for a Congressman in the film. He does look light on his feet and perhaps this is why he always appears to disappear.

Stuntman turning actor, Mooney studied acting privately under Arthur Lusberg at Catholic U. and Grace Branwin of Stage Studio in Washington. He appears as a ghetto priest in a not-yet-released Pan Associates film to be called either "Next Oasis" or "A White Noise". His performance, according to Director Albert Ihde is "fantastic", noting that Mooney has carved a great character. "Don't know why they wanted me" he said, practically scratching his head and shuffling around but from the pictures I saw he looked very Berriganesque. Mooney was also Assistant Director for the film.

This Renaissance man though is a very modest man... preferring to demonstrate rather than toot his own horn (although he did toot his flute quite credibly). Very reluctantly "Oh, you don't want to see that," he showed me a fine large charcoal drawing he had done of Ganymede the mythological youth whose beauty was so great it prompted Zeus to carry him off to be his cupbearer. Zeus appears as a rather cryptic looking bird. For some reason probably the look of fear on Ganymede's face I was reminded of the work of Kathe Kollwitz.



# LARRY MOONEY

## renaissance man - or gothic?

by ADELE SCHULTZ



Larry Mooney is also a collector tending to acquire the religious, bizarre and the supernatural, and like the "Ganymede" which he keeps behind his bookcase in the bedroom, he keeps a part of his collection stashed in a small garage under the house. When he opened the garage door there stood stacks of twisted crucifixes, bloody and gashed penitentes, piled on top of carved saints in glass coffins, lovely wax ladies glassy eyed and looking stoned devil masks on top of film cans, stuffed animals and circus freaks, pirates, even St. Paul with a gorilla skin draped artfully over one eye (rendering him unrecognizable at first) The effect is outstanding, something like a cocktail party at the morgue

"Most of these pieces" he said, indicating the crucifixes and penitentes, "are mid 17th and 18th century... you can tell by the eyes. glass eyes came in around mid 18th century, the feathered eye, hand-painted makes it appear as if the statue were watching your every move" He needn't have said that as this was obvious to me.

Some of the carved flagellant pieces were complete with enormous gashes on their backs showing inserts of bone "sometimes human, sometimes ivory". A couple of the penitentes were wired to bleed and I am grateful that they were not demonstrated to me. Another rather graphic piece was a Mexican "Man of Sorrows, a magnificently real head of Christ in a sorot box affair. "They keep them in the living room" explained Mooney, "they had to convince the natives, that's why they're so bloody".



There were also various Saints; a wooden statue of St. Jerome (about one half life size as were most of the pieces) beating his chest with a stone, St. Appolonianna torturously having her teeth pulled and she was not at the dentist, St. Dorthea looking somewhat calm lying in a glass and carved wooden Italian coffin and innocuous (by comparison) mark of martyrdom on her neck. There were also some more gentle carved wooden heads of Mary, and Mary's parents Jochaim and Anna, and a Renaissance painting of Madonna and Child. The Christ Child looks very old and sorrowful "as he had a premonition of what was to come", said Mooney.

A slight pause and we moved on (rather jumpidly) to the various witchcraft pieces. "I wouldn't ever be able to give that away... eleven deaths have been attributed to it," he said indicating a gigantic cursed headboard with horns, (making me wonder what sort of pact he had made to escape). Then he picked up a bronze cast of the dismembered hand of the English warlock Thomas Southwell (who was hung and quartered, I remarked nervously that they couldn't make up their minds so they compromised by doing both. He appeared not to have heard me and went on to point out how the hand is wrinkled and twisted in agony).



A cursed talon of a huge bird nested comfortably not far from an effigy of a Chinese pirate who was adorned in the clothing and hair of the original. "They beleived that when the man died on board ship you simply made an effigy, using the mans clothes, hair and sometimes fingernails. This would preset the ship which would go where the guy had been." Presumably to the various caches of gold and plunder and I couldnt escape the thought of corpses.

He also had several smaller witchcraft pieces: carved Chinese wolves you could hold in your hand, and unnamable carved animal, "like no animal known to man" he said (and I agree), a caricatured bust of Lincoln, "there were many of these at the time" and he turned the piece around in his hand to show that engraved was "the imp Lincoln" most of them coming from around Tennessee."

On a different note I viewed several lovely wax ladies, a mermaid and Eve reclining in a glass box, and apple in her hand with a snake lurking evilly in the grass. These had glass eyes and human hair "each hair put in individually", not unlike each Birdseye lima bean individually frozen. Mooney also said he has as automated life-size figure of Cleopatra decorously wrapped with snakes, who when wound up bite her and she writhes around and "dies".

He keeps Cleopatra and other wax figures "100 or so in all" (a life-size automated Last Supper, and a man with a boa constrictor who does a trick similar to Cleo's little number) in a warehouse with most of "my mummies" in Hagerstown. "Those Mummies" he muttered "no room in here for them", (it seemed there was hardly room for his parents, let alone mummies) and he whipped out a picture of the "famous Martindale mummy found in the Yosemite Valley in California, a woman 7 feet 2 inches with a baby, reported to be over 50,000 years old, each finger being the same length".

Then he began to shift around the top half of an Egyptian Sarcophagus "over 3000 years old", various other paraphernalia, pictures, stuffed birds etc. finally dragging out a box the size of a child saying "nothing particularly striking about this" --- "A devil baby mummy" said Mooney in his casual voice, "the hooves are attached and it is a real skeleton, I have had it x-rayed... it's a satyr, the only one I've ever seen, only one in existence" There was a long pause, (I was trying to find my voice) "I hope" he added quietly. Finally I managed to ask him where he got it. "from a man in a carnival, traveling around the world" and he didn't say another word about that mummy's origin probably because I was starting to scream having just bumped into a two-headed calf.

He collects stuffed animals but hardly the kind you would expect to find under the tree a Xmas. A stuffed cyclops cat, a two headed pig, a three headed kitten, six legged pig, "abnormalities of nature" he beamed "I am interested in them because of the belief that a curse is attached to them... i.e. the pregnant woman who looked on a certain thing and the curse will manifest itself in deformity in the newborn child."

We moved on to skulls and shrunken heads, he showing off an oriental porcelain skull etched with acid, a work of art if you like that sort of thing. I noticed in a jar of formaldehyde another skull, large and triangular in shape. He showed me a picture of the owner (although I guess that is a moot point)- an encephalic little girl sitting on her mother's lap.

And this sentiment is exactly what he applies to his nationally known film collection of "over 3000 films" --- features, serials: Flash Gordon, Lost Jungle, Devil Horse, Galloping Ghost etc. and about 100 short subjects, including original home movies of the late Stan Laurel with the family, and Eugene Sandoz (the Strongman) to name a few.

"In the Business" he says, "they know I would never exploit them." "In the business" is, at least in Southern California and understood reference to movies by those who are "in the business". He has much film memorabilia, Bela Lugosi's Scrapbook for example "I have more stuff than the family" he said. And then we moved into the Old West. His Buffalo Bill memorabilia is so extensive that Arthur Kopit spent some time in the Mooney house writing "Indians". He also treasures a signature and picture of Robert Ford, the man who shot Jesse James

And just to round things off Mooney displayed a plaster death mask of Napoleon. He also has what he describes as a lock of hair and a piece of Bonaparte's bone. And on the other side of the room of course a signature and lock of hair of Wellington



Mooney's sense of timing is superb and so on to a little comic relief. Some of the more conventional antiques were several French domes with automations in them dating about 1870. He wound a couple of them up and birds cheeped, drank and hopped from limb to dried limb, boats rocked and water appeared to flow realistically. There were also lovely Sheffield silver pieces: candelabra, mid 19th century centerpieces "used as wedding gifts by English Royalty." He is also the happy possessor of an original Tiffany Lamp reportedly owned by Diamond Jim Brady. It is a rather striking piece composed of abalone shells worked into the leaded glass. "One of a kind, worth many thousands by antique standards... the money doesn't mean anything to me" he said, "It's what it is."

Mooney is a diligent student of certain people in history. They seem to have something in common: they are originals and have a brush with the supernatural. Padre Pio, whose stigmata made it impossible to write, and required him to descend stairs backwards is one. Mooney corresponded with the monastery where Padre Pio lived until he died two years ago.

Padre Pio is believed to have performed such miracles as restoring sight to a young girl whose eyes had no pupils. "No scientific explanation for it" said Mooney, warning to the subject, "however Padre Pio couldn't restore the sight of his blind brother (also a monk) saying that the brothers blindness "kept him from sinning" Mooney believes that there are miracles being performed today, but people are too materialistic to pay attention to them.

Other "originals" whos interested Mooney were Weber (the spiritualist of ectoplasmic fame), Lincoln (who apparently used to take the Cabinet down to a certain medium in Georgetown), Wesley (whose house was filled with friendly ghosts) and Dr. Nicolas Tesla.

Dr. Tesla was not only an electrical genius (Edison gave him credit for the light bulb) but also invented an anti war machine. Mooney says there is a working model of the contraption (as yet untried, obviously) owned by an unnamed man in Canada. Calling on his engineering background, Mooney speculated that the machine probably has something to do with the electromagnetic forces surrounding the earth as this is what Tesla was working on at the time of his death in 1943. Mooney also said that some people believed that Dr. Tesla was so far ahead of his time that he was from outer space. My eyes grew as big as saucers (not necessarily flying). Later I remembered that Mooney's eyes were also big, and this was the only time he seemed to drop his casual attitude.

Although he denies it, I was left with the conclusion that he himself is a highly original man. It seemed fitting that he was born in Newport, Vermont, next to Lake Champlain, "where there has been sighted a monster not unlike the Loch Ness... it's quite possible" he said. A monster in Lake Champlain? As I made my way out into a rather dark and rainy night it occurred to me that I hadn't asked him when he was born and as I turned to ask, there was a last glimpse of a tall dark shadow closing the door of that little brick house. It was probably better he didn't hear the question... he might have answered 1622 bc.



one of the hits

what for. to endure. survive.  
yes. fuse to encompass. something  
blures. dashes. ejects.

psychological block.

cold steam rise from icie waves.  
warm sweat sprinkle the palm of  
my hands. moisture captures my  
brow. toes. feet.

moments of failure.  
ancestry ethos.  
sweet kate.

swinging into dry coarse winds.  
brazen thoughts. uncolor nuthingness.  
movements of death. passes.

greasy fumes of poultry stings my nostrils.  
cool streams of water flow between my wooly butt  
down throught the juju hair of my vibrating thighs.

there are no cries. no cries.  
green paper enters brown  
it is filled. filled completely.  
you can keep the change.

pimping kooly. fragile winds.  
sucking energy of the sun.  
closed pores.

thoughts. ethos.  
sweet kate.  
again we'll meet.

i love you kate.

#### Ennead Verses

i write not from loneliness  
but here where time seems  
to pass as if it were a  
snail one's only outlet  
is to occupy the mind  
with invaluable  
contemplation  
and you are quite  
invaluable  
fighting roaches for the territory  
of this steel base bed  
never penetrates  
schrewd dark shadows  
on my bunk  
casted by stern iron bars  
it enters a vast thought  
i miss you Joyce  
weary pupils roll over the dry  
coarse cement ceiling  
downward unto  
playful rodents  
in dusty cracks on the  
cold smooth asphalt floor  
subdued within these castrating  
chambers i only breath  
urine and bodywaste odors  
solemnly i want so  
to be near to inhale  
the fragrance of that  
unscold body  
that pronouces  
i love and want  
ill organic food flashesback  
beefslices wheat bread  
we shared with an  
energetic walk  
foolish talk  
and jubilant smiles  
bounced in sparkle light  
from espherical stars

a.a.

laying in her arms  
i could remember  
only atmic whispers  
asking me how  
do i feel  
and a truepink  
cockroach coldduck's  
across the beige stripe  
sheet melting into  
multi color butterflies

#### welcome sounds

spoons of hotflashes upon us  
inter gliter  
wisely with me we  
our bodies as united as can be  
composing all the music sound  
that is needed  
dont put no kirk trane  
or anythang  
we got humansounds  
creating our future

vision possess my surrounding  
us prone between  
the silkie orange spread  
blue sheeted bed  
in an eon of oneness  
mirages of hollow times knowing  
you had another  
in your arms  
of idolatrous passion  
tenderness  
how i must have pierced  
your heart with  
merciless acid pain  
for you to have sought  
warmth, shelter from someone  
else  
and found it  
agonized, i tire of hurting you so

Helioncentric reveberation enforces belief's  
of once again embracing  
your comlete love  
as i had once  
embraced

the above paens by r l stokes are  
dedicated to Shaku Ali ( Earl Snead )

saw Piano Red today sportin' au green  
felt hat angled left towards the boogars  
and snot streets his faded out green gabardeen  
coat barely covered the gold silk shirt

leaving au 5 & 10 silver watch to be seen

those flabby arms presses firmly to his slow motion  
bouncing body the once in style brown tweed overcoat  
as if it was all the remains from the 50's walkin'  
very hurt as if in pain the albino of rock&roll

rythm and blues baby! where's Chuck Willis?

Doctor Feel Good drench in agony by nashville  
yahoo waste aint got no diamond ring just those skin  
peeling fingers that glided across a ripped up keyboard  
and waxed "funky" sounds

nope he aint a D.J. having been used by the s.o.u.l.  
stations while he was "au hit" he was then eased aside  
and now plays at the 'underground' a tourist  
attraction for

white socks is his motto  
gettin' his fake alligator show's half sole with heels  
au no tip 25¢ shoe shine is Doctor Feel Good's  
past time

outwardly gone dark wrinkle rings  
are upon this innovators's body spiritually alive  
his spirit will survive  
he smiles

robert l. stokes

to a sister who sits sofine pluckin' a guitar

after a mental evolution between you & me  
i'am gonna do something to make  
your legs wet  
like smackin' those wide broad lips  
bittin' callousies off your fingertips  
tie a big knot  
with your tongue and mind  
all the while i'll be pinching  
them nipples  
like i'm gonna  
teethpick the hair offa your breast  
tongue mabellin mascara from  
'round your serene eyes  
passion mark your juba neck  
suck on your upper lip - dimples  
tittes - bottom lip and eyes  
sister i'll be tickling the perspiration  
from the bottom of your ebony feet  
blowing luke warm winds in your  
unpeirced ears while leaving  
fingernail tracks on your back  
yeah i'll drop hot balls of sweat  
in the cave of your navel  
rub them juicy knee caps shapely thighs  
grip your sweating ass  
and plunge smoothly into  
that eruptive womb of yours  
go in' upround and rounddown  
as com flow  
yeah makin' love with you  
makin' love with you makin' love with  
you you you you you

manly and unbroken in the last  
phase to ancestrail unity. not  
needed is a material repentence  
but an inward repentence.  
vigilance.  
purity of -within and without- Self.

a much needed phase. this place.  
if not. it would not be. it is  
a material place. a place of preperation.  
this place. but only preparing for the  
uniting of spiritual forces.

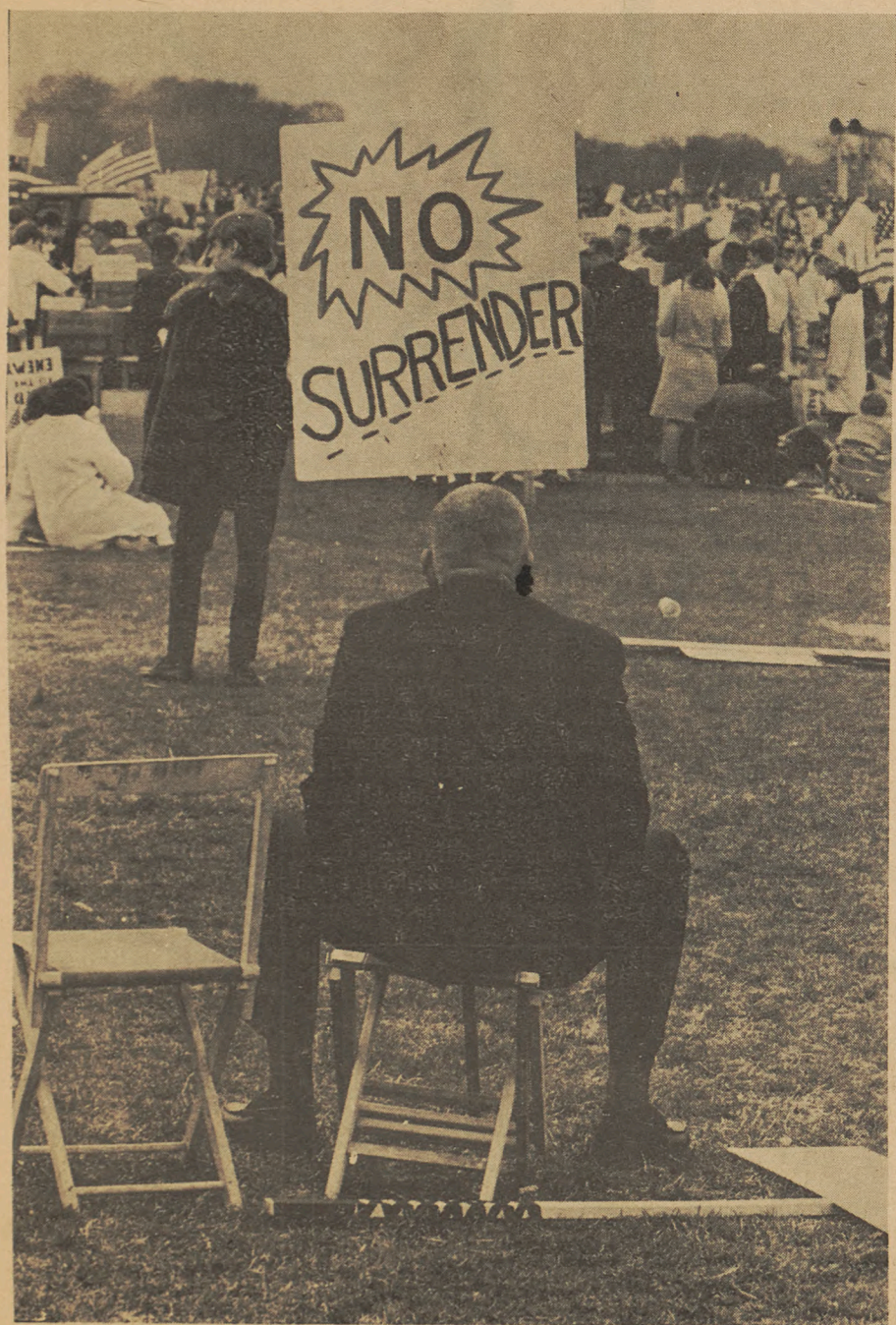
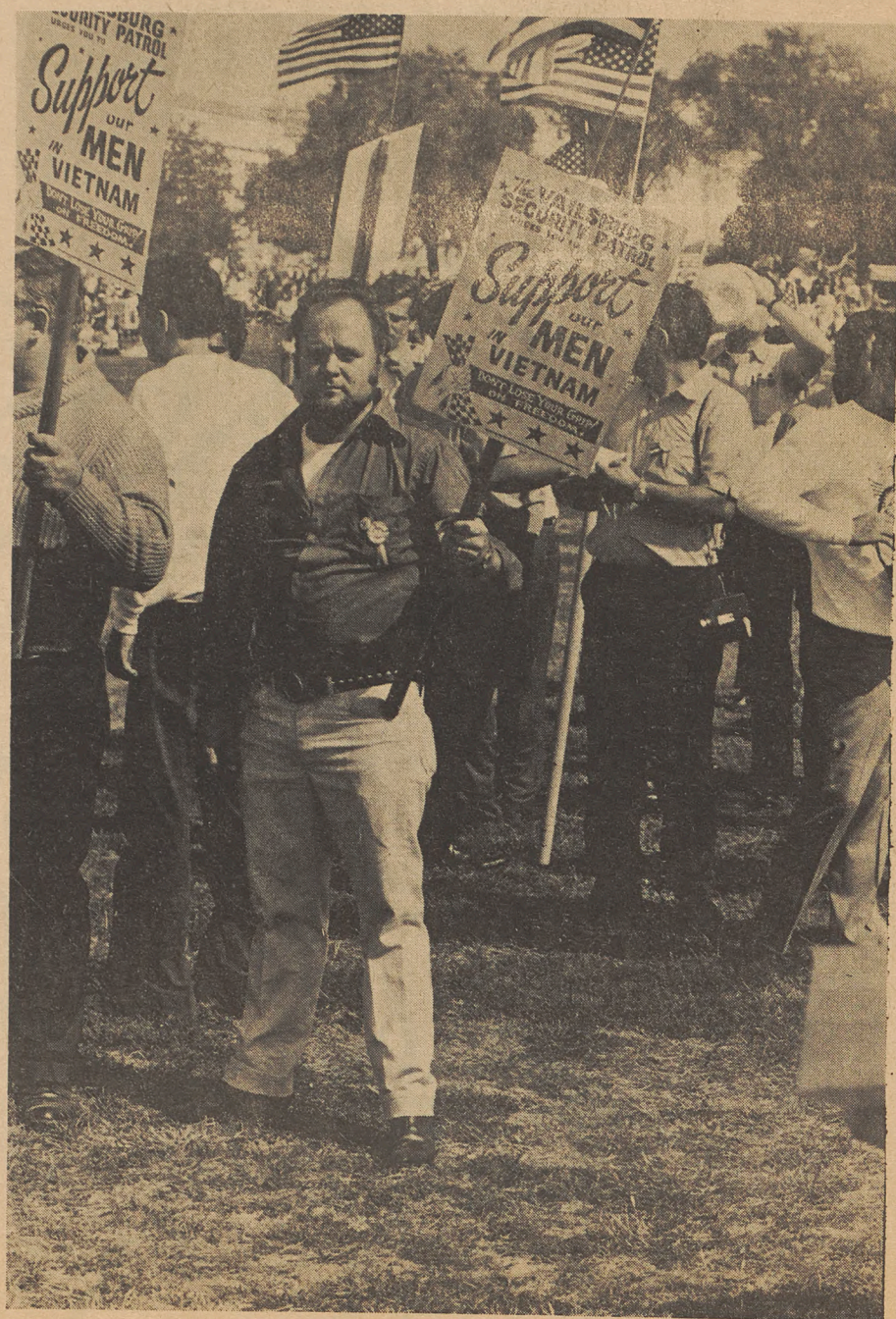
for love is a spiritual force.  
then it was material. now it is  
it is infinitive.

join coot/patience  
all mystics which combine spirituality  
as one.  
come upon a divine revelation  
for our Creator is merciful.  
salaam daddy.







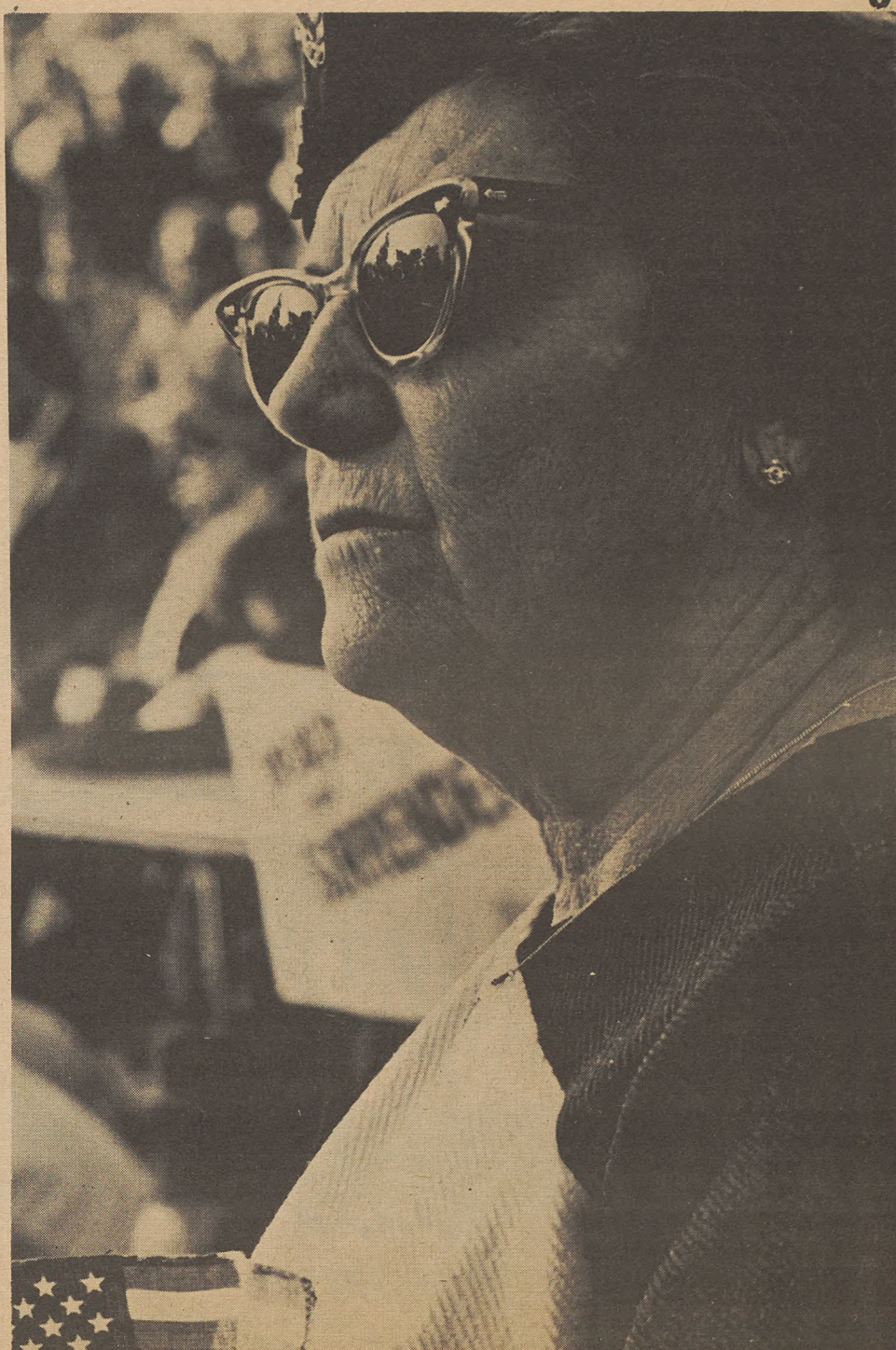






**GOD'S CHILDREN**

**terry arthur**





10

# NARRAGANSETT LEATHERS

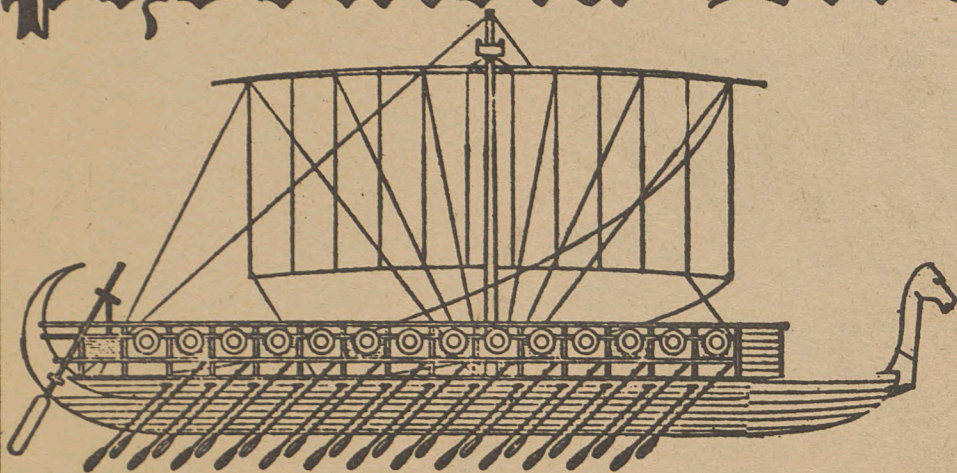
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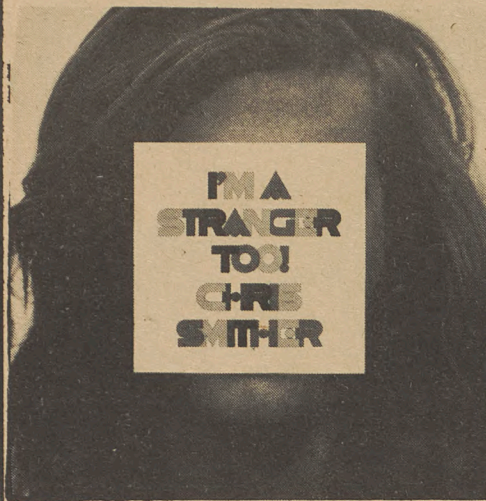


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i have slouched on your drunken furniture  
greasy in their arrangement of  
sordid purple and passionless pink  
and  
so have  
i  
slept on your big brass bed, laying like  
a wine-soaked cork upon its rumpled  
sea of tired dear abbey love life covers  
but  
even so  
i  
would love you again, drunken by our  
own lust which transfered its presence  
to the tattered windowshades  
which have seen  
and heard  
and regretted  
this all before.

## For my mother

oh mother, where are the  
sacred cows of your generation  
grazing tonight?

have they left you alone  
too, just has have mine-  
and must we really talk?

i shall call you beautiful,  
you shall call me only on  
Wednesdays, just to check.

we will begin to recount  
old hours, and fit pieces  
back together, slowly.

i shall call you beautiful  
you shall call me only on  
Wednesdays, just to check...

## when offering myself to You

I  
here i am  
(i'm no beauty  
;even got oh god pimples  
on youth's taut (?)  
skin  
but here Am i  
offering my life  
)to you...  
and i'm no innocent  
; but so what  
we'll laugh all  
the harder for (it)  
or love  
all the longer  
(for) it

II.  
so now what do i do?  
what do you say in reply to me?  
i may be a fool of a young-forever-wishing-girl  
but that's not the issue  
do we fit  
; or do i split?

III  
is It done?  
do girls court young men  
;or do they Wait Patiently  
for a self-revealed  
"hidden persuader  
to come along

I CAN'T WAIT  
I GROW OLD  
i wear my hair pinned up without  
ribbons or bows  
i wear my glasses on a Librarian's  
Chain  
I GROW OLD  
I CAN'T WAIT

IV  
deeds ... can be done  
men  
and women  
become one

V  
here i Am  
;when offering myself to you  
i often  
cry...

so you expect it: all these rushes of feeling  
but still you are surprised as you go  
around your giggling possessions with an old undershirt  
tittering nervously about how dirty what a mess oh shit  
you jump to check for wine for a cracker something ANY thing  
study the weather politics economics religion hobbies  
knock knock

walk placidly in your excitement to the door  
what a nice surprise  
have a quick glass of wine you jump into bed



## its pretty You know

its pretty You know naturally  
hard to get it to go forward  
when its in i think Neutral  
; so i ease up on the accelerator  
a second  
-then give a hard to the  
Clutch!  
Slide it into the gear box in a  
well lets say  
"more correct  
position  
and oh god i lurched  
with the force  
of ! the  
(gear

## Yer absence & me

i want to blend down  
into your blonde body  
& become one  
to see the dawn  
through your eyes  
to breathe your breath  
surely my love is most Saintly  
& sane  
( can't we have this  
to-  
day i think of you  
) in a photographic way  
: how your lips go  
your hair eyes & smile  
the longness of yer body  
to mine  
it's no good for me  
you've been gone a year  
still i want you

to embrace to wrap silently around  
my (body?  
etc. to say you (love? want?) etc.  
me.  
One year.  
Still i want you.



With the day that I've just met,  
these days must be the  
sweetest yet.





# 14 New Film --- and Old Tom Shales

If you can't say anything else good about a science fiction film, you're supposed to say it had "Brilliant special effects." In the *Andromeda Strain*, the special effects are neither brilliant nor special enough to revive our expiring interest in the outcome of Michael Creighton's ultimately tedious tale, nor dazzling enough to jolt us out of our essential indifference over whether mankind will survive the deadly virus from outer space. Indeed, the film tends to forget about the dread menace itself.

Instead of the mounting tension we might hope for, director Robert Wise and scriptwriter Nelson Gidding drop their whole premise for about 50 minutes while they fondle the puny glamor of top-secretness and show us the ins and outs of a huge underground research lab that begins to look more and more like the set that was never built (only in the final moments do we get an even barely overall view of the thing.)

As can happen with sci fi, and not necessarily to great detriment, many of the elements to this story are not new. The idea of emissaries to outer space returning with creeping unknowns--other than outright creatures, that is--has been used in many other films, not excluding one called, in fact, "The Creeping Unknown" (part of the British *Quartermass* series and pretty good, too). George Pal's "War of the Worlds," in the fifties, used the bit about alien germs affecting other species in reverse, with our common cold eventually bumping off an army of invading Martians--and just in the nick of time, too. They were about to molest a cathedral!

What Wise and Gidding and Creighton did was to super-sophisticate many of these elements right into supersophisticated boredom. Once the final mystery of the opening events has worn off, we are left to feel alarmingly unalarmed about the foreign virus and what it might do. Wise, meanwhile, is giving us his escorted tour of endless hallways, a hallway turning out to be pretty much what a hallway always was, and the amusing-but-not-for-long adventures of a generally dreary band of scientists as they get sprayed, lacquered and varnished by the cleaning machines before descending to the research lab's--which is not to say the film's--lowest level and get a look at the whatsit.

In no way has Wise made a film to compete with "2001: A Space Odyssey," though there is an attempt here to be factually fictitious. Nor was he very smart to approximate Stanley Kubrick's daringly dry style in telling a story. "Andromeda" is full of pseudo-documentary touches that really don't "authenticate" the story nearly as much as the director may have hoped. In fact, we grow quickly accustomed to Wise's habit of zooming in on the words "Top Secret" or "Classified" and his obsession with the data and digits of the technological bureaucracy. If these were supposed to be stark contrast to the human struggle in the lab, or the human tragedy awaiting the world if the research fails, too bad. It doesn't work out that way, partly because the humans are dealt with in inhuman terms themselves.

Wise is so preoccupied with avoiding the melodramatic cliches of the genre (cliches that can still be functional if wisely used) that he pushes the film too far to the other extreme, until a gasping last-act race against time, the oldest kind of cliffhanger in movies, when we are once again allowed the vulgar privilege of getting excited. No delusions of scientific authenticity or that mundane expedient called probability affect us here. We're just damned anxious for a doctor in overalls to escape the zaps of the laser beams and get to the de-activator that will prevent nuclear destruction of the lab WITHOUT A MINUTE TO SPARE!

But Wise could have introduced this common touch far sooner, like in the opening frames for instance. Instead of presenting us with a town already dead, why not show us the people of the city before the returning satellite gave them all fatal flu? Probably because Wise thought it would be too un-cool and certainly it doesn't fit in with his sterile just-the-facts diary approach. But it would have given some impact to their deaths. Forsaking that, Wise tries the most truly and gratuitously cornball bit in the whole film--he zooms in on a peace symbol worn around the neck of a naked, dead, Indian girl. Presumably, that makes "Andromeda" an anti-war film, and there is some talk in it suggesting the Pentagon is responsible for the Andromeda threat because it was searching outer space for a handy dandy new weapon. But that peace symbol shot--ugh! It could be defended in the context of a dramatically emotional film, but Wise has made such a display of avoiding that alleged "weakness" that the shot is very nearly ridiculous.

(It also leads us to the conclusion that MPAA movie-raters are racists as well as nincompoops. Movies with exposed breasts usually get at least a GP--but here, since the girl's skin is not white,--she's "just an Indian" young people may presumably view her nipples without fear of moral taint).

Production aspects of the film are OK, but it certainly is chintzy to deprive us of a giant cross-section view of the underground lab and instead flash a silly diagram on the screen. It's like saying, "Here's how the set would look if we had enough money to build it." Considering the other disheartening deficiencies of "The Andromeda Strain," however, that money was probably well-saved.

## WITH ALL THE FRILLS UPON IT

"Easter Parade" is a good musical, not a great musical. But oh, very very good. Charles Walters, who directed, is not one of the crown princes of the genre but Arthur Freed, who produced, certainly is. This display of royalty is nothing when compared to the stars of the film, however: Judy Garland and Fred Astaire, both as good as an imperfect universe will let them be.

Judy sings "The Fella with the Umbrella" to Peter Lawford and "I Love a Piano" to a Piano (listen to that laugh, will you? Among other greatest things, she had the greatest happy-laugh in the movies) and Fred does one of his best top-hat numbers, "Steppin' Out with My Baby." Irving Berlin wrote the score.

The film is musical from the first minute, with three numbers in rapid procession; the title song sung by the chorus, then the charming stroll to "Happy Easter," and then Fred's toy-store tantrum to "Drum Crazy" (He likes drums).

Ann Miller, lately the Great American Soup Cutie, is in there, too--all two legs and dauntless grin of her. Her "Shakin' the Blues Away" is not only rousing but the quintessential Miller number--utter and adorable jibberish. She makes more of her absolute superfluity than few superfluous performers ever could.

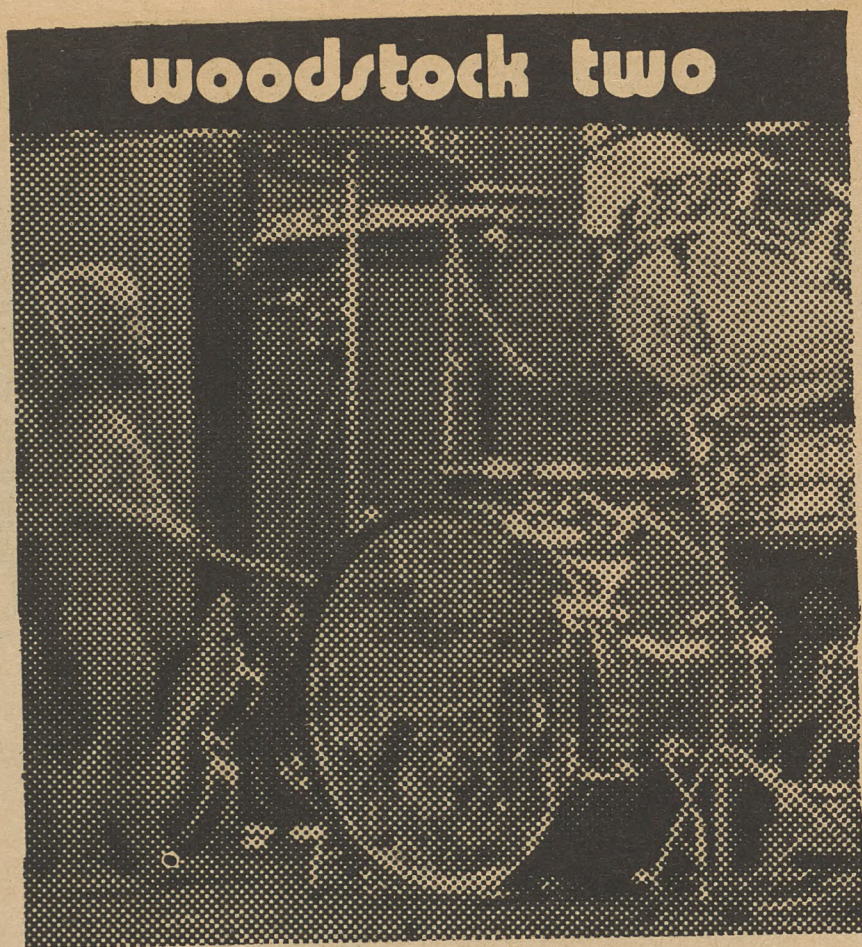
This exhaustively entertaining movie will be shown Wednesday night April 7 at 8 p.m. at the American Film Institute Theatre in L'Enfant Plaza. If you don't know where that is, you should (it's not far from that great big Dairy Queen in the sky) and if you're not a member, why not? Call 554-1000.

AFI has a mixed bag of good films in the week ahead--including Elia Kazan's perceptive portrait of small town America, "Splendor in the Grass," the story of the puritan curse as visited on two high school kids in the very-twenties. Warren Beatty and Natalie Wood are as destined for each other as any other couple in any other movie, but America intervenes, confusing Warren and driving Natalie nuts. This is the best performance she, for one, has ever given, and others in an exceptional cast include, very briefly, Sandy Dennis and Zohra Lampert. Pat Hingle does the corrupt old loudmouth father bit beautifully, but the film's sublimely cheap ecstasy hits top when, near the end, the girl's father tells her where her boyfriend has gone to live.

It is simplistic enough but uncommonly and truthfully touching. And the film is further distinguished by a David Amram score. Amram writes very little for films; his score for "Splendor" is nearly that--a muted jazz for strings and brass that eloquently underlines the yearnings, frustrations, and great tragedies that befall little people. (Thursday night, 8 p.m.).

John Huston's "The Misfits," with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift, is a haunted film to say the least, one that could never live up to expectations even when it was first made. Now, of course, its appeal has grown tremendously, with its three top stars all passing into popular myth, and the film becomes magnificent even in its imperfections. Not to mention Thelma Ritter, that impersihable character actress who was the abiding grace--and the saving grace--in dozens of films and here, not called on for any real legerdemain, becomes merely one more irrefutable reason for seeing a sensational, heartbreaking movie. Arthur Miller, whose playwrighting career has been so largely concerned with the bitter beauty of faith betrayed, could hardly have known how ultimately his screenplay would come not only to convey but to embody that message. Perhaps most poignant of all, though is Marilyn Monroe, and another character's assessment of the girl she plays. It's Eli Wallach who says it: "She has the gift for life." (Thurs., April 8, 8 p.m.)

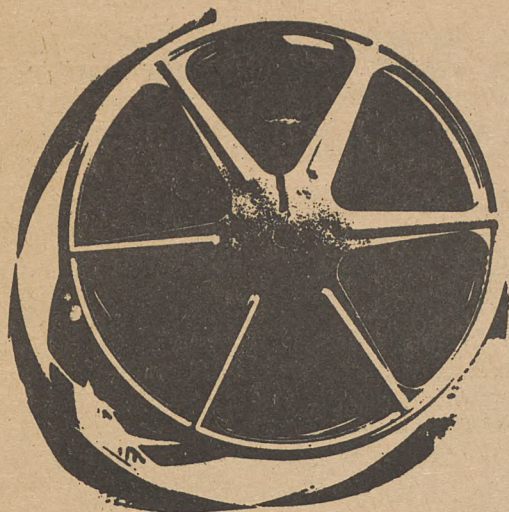
Other upcoming films include "All About Eve," with Bette and Marilyn directed by Joseph Mankiewicz (and virtually his entire directorial career) on Saturday, April 10, and Elia Kazan's supercharged (and overcharged) "East of Eden," with James Dean predictably powerful as the perennial misunderstood, on Monday, April 12.



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# FILM & VIDEO NEWS

## THIRD METRO FILM FESTIVAL

Elos Honor Society of the Arts announces The Third Annual Metropolitan Area High School Film Festival. It will take place on May 13 and 14 at Arlington's Washington-Lee High School Auditorium. Judges will be three prominent Washingtonians: Gary Arnold, film critic for the Washington Post; Gene Davis, nationally known color painter; and Joe Dispenza, Director of Education Programs, American Film Institute.

To submit a film to the festival a filmmaker must be a resident of either Virginia, Washington, or Maryland and a student in ninth through twelfth grades in any area high school. While films made by student groups will be accepted, no film in which a professional cinematographer or still photographer was actively involved will be eligible. Professionals may advise but not do any of the actual work.

Probably not all films submitted will be shown. Usually, more films are submitted than can possibly be shown in a two hour program, and because some films are of poor visual quality or condition, it is necessary for a screening committee to decide which films will make up the festival program. Any films not selected will be returned immediately. All filmmakers who enter the competition, whether their works are selected for showing or not, will be given free admission to the festival.

On one of the nights of the festival the judges will select the three cash-prize winners. The emphasis of the selection and judging will be on film as an art form, and there is a possibility that winning or selected films will be shown on television and at commercial theatres. "Refiners Fire," which placed first in the 1969 competition, was shown by its Wakefield High School creators on Martin Agronsky's TV Show. Their film is now being nationally distributed by Doublday Inc. at a price of \$85.00 a print.

Call the English Department now at Washington-Lee High School 527-7600, Ext. 63 for application forms. Deadline for receipt of films is 4:00 P.M. April 22.

Amateur filmmakers working in 8mm are invited to show their films every Thursday night, 8:00 pm at Tassos Restaurant an "underground bar" in the basement of 1309 17th St. N.W. There is no charge for showing or watching the films, and an 8mm/super8 projector, record player and cartridge tape player are provided by the management.

Since it's beginning two weeks ago, the film group has shown travel films; technique-study films, and original screenplay film shorts produced by Fred Wolf, Rachal and Tim Brown, Dan Slattery, R. Schandelmeier and others. Observers are invited to make criticism, ask questions about the making of the various films, and to join group discussions. No criteria has been established for acceptability of films except that they be original films produced by the persons submitting them.

The organizers of the group, Ray and Nancy Schandelmeier (who also own TASSOS) hope a film co-op will develop from these evenings and that amateur film makers will make contact with people who are interested in lighting, editing, film-art etc. or who would be willing to be in film experiments. They also hope to organize crews to film spring demonstrations and other projects, and perhaps to make co-op purchases of filmmaking equipment. Students in local classes in film making, film history, or film criticism will be welcome if they are 18 years old.

On March 25, 1971 the first attempt was made to consolidate, coordinate and enlarge the community video movement in the Washington area. About twenty people attended the first meeting. During this meeting, information was exchanged, introductions made and priorities established. The groups and individuals represented included Federal City College, the Federal Communications Commission, Antioch-Columbia, Source Coalition the newly formed Philadelphia Media Group, The Capital Area Media Educators Organization, the Smith-Mattingly Corporation, a number of independent film-makers and others.

The aims of this group are to insure the availability to the community of a number of "channels" on any CATV (cable TV) system, to guarantee that 1/2" videotape through a travelling video theater, mobile video production and monitor units, a media center and a video tape library.

Immediate actions of the group is the organization of several videotape screenings and the setting up of "workshops" for training members of the community in the use of 1/2" video tape recording equipment.

For further information concerning the use of video in the community contact:

Paul Schatzkin	(Columbia-Baltimore Area)	(301) 730-5469
Bill Pratt	(Washington Area)	(202) 333-7926
Eddy Becker	(Washington Area)	(202) 387-5100
		(during the day)

The group's first workshop and demonstration of the portable 1/2" video tape recording equipment will be held on Thursday, April 8th at 7:30 P.M. The meeting will be held at 1734 20th St. N.W. (second floor)

## CIRCLE THEATRE PRESENTS

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STARTS FRIDAY, APRIL 9

## Francois Truffaut FILM FESTIVAL

FRI. thru MON.  
Apr. 9-12

**Four Hundred Blows**  
(1959) starring Jean-Pierre Leaud  
Winner New York Critics Award  
Director's Prize Cannes Film Festival

&

**Stolen Kisses**  
(1969) starring Jean-Pierre Leaud  
"One of the year's ten best-1969"  
—Gary Arnold, Wash. Post

TUE. thru THUR.  
Apr. 13-15

**Shoot the Piano Player**  
(1960) starring Charles Aznavour

&

**The Bride Wore Black**  
(1968) starring Jeanne Moreau  
"One of the year's ten best-1968"  
—Renata Adler, N. Y. Times

FRI. thru MON.  
Apr. 16-19

**Jules and Jim**  
(1961) Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner

&

**The Soft Skin**  
(1964) Francois Dorleac

TUE. thru THUR.  
Apr. 20-22

**Fahrenheit 451**  
(1966) Oskar Werner, Julie Christie

&

**The Mississippi Mermaid**  
(1970) Jean Paul Belmondo, Catherine Deneuve

STARTS FRIDAY, APRIL 23

## Ruby Keeler—Busby Berkeley FILM REVIVAL

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\* Zazu Pitts

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\* Al Jolson  
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\* Patsy Kelly  
\* Warner Baxter

\* Guy Kibbee  
\* George Brent  
\* Una Merkel  
\* Ned Sparks  
\* Bebe Daniels

\* Ginger Rogers  
\* Ruth Donnelly  
\* Akim Tamiroff  
\* Glenda Farrell  
and, of course, . . .

Miss Tippy Tap-Toe, herself, . . . ★ Ruby Keeler

FRI. thru MON.  
Apr. 23-26

*Flirtation Walk*

&

*Dames*

TUE. thru THUR.  
Apr. 27-29

*Footlight Parade*

&

*Go Into Your Dance*

FRI. thru MON.  
Apr. 30-May 3

*42nd Street*

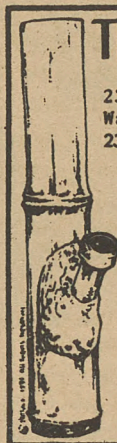
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## **THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING: OPEN STAGE, GEORGETOWN**

Who dares to be alone? Who has the gall to step out of the social compact to revise reality and set himself up as the sole arbiter with his own fate? Who has lived a life merely on the other side of despair and elected to individually make his own end? Although the lady is not for burning, any woman will do. Throughout the drama of this play, with its overt humor and casting of guilt dramaticity, there overhangs the warp of idiosyncrasy, god defend, of some final lone blow, of the true choice of suicide, whether it is physical or not.

Each of us is a living truth. Thomas Mendip, the unknown, has his reality in despair, and is seen so. He is a living truth, yet will be a dying lie. Jenet, brought to be a witch through the strange alchemy of illusion despairs, is a living lie, yet will be a dying truth. Such is the social compact. And who votes. In Richard, the poor, unfranchized serving boy, and in the character of Alizon, rich, inherited, but also unfranchized by sex, are two more; they live by the reality of the moment, and suffer under the weight of a customary heirarchy which demands their place and creates its own despair.

Open Stage has created well the play of Christopher Frye, speaking to his own time and luckily by the accident of genius to times after.

"Law should be in the heart" says Alizon, yet what both Jenet and Thomas enter into is a law created by process, logic, and into a sphere where both reality and illusion can be a cause for despair. Thomas speaks of a "Living death," and asks for his own death by hanging, fabricating the cause out of incidence; later, he claims that he is "guilty of mankind." Jenet, also bogged down in that affair, where a man's disappearance brings the claim that she has turned him into a dog by sorcery, then fights with Thomas throughout the play for the right to the guilt, out of growing love and for the need in every man for a punishment suitable to the crime, in this case being purely a self.

Yet Frye's view of the world in this play is not so pessimistic as to allow such an end. The intricacy of relationships allows for an unusually indulgent attitude to any deus ex machina. The overt metaphysical conceit of overall guilt and despair is a poetic device which yields finally to a successful out-pouring and exorcising of the pain. Both love and despair make outlaws of us all and the sense that what we are guilty of is needful of cleansing.

Dona Cooper and the cast of The Lady have done a fine job of producing or reproducing this extremely difficult and full play. The problems, although few, would disappear with a longer run. The ten or fifteen percent increase in the movement of any play requires a bit more time the more difficult the play. There were some slow moments, some slow uptaking, some overblowing of parts, some rough edges which need smoothing off. But this was good theater. Frye is good theater. The use of the stage in the church was extended well to the floor of the sanctuary and the lighting, the set, the use of the simplicity inherent in the script, all created a drama which it is unfortunate will not be running when this appears.



## **TWELFTH NIGHT OR WHAT YOU WILL: FOLGER**

Oh prithee, prithee, continue, doest thou. You hath made for us a happiness in the stage wherein every man is made joyful and from which all is truly a stage and we but those upon it. I hope. Ah. All of Washington was made happy with this. What you will has been taken literally, and good William and his friend Inigo will turn over in their graves only to chuckle and turn back over to sleep soundly.

At Folger, the second Globe has updated but not at all outdated Shakespeare's most blooming comedy, most subject to the whimsicality and zaniness of those who see and do. In a parachute of steel, mylar, and tin foil, with sliding boards for fools' entrances, and boxing gloves for foils, Crinckley and Scheeder have concocted a brew bent to turn the head of any old lady with balloons in her brain. The Twelfth Night, Feast of the Epiphany, Feast of Fools, the latter is most apt, for romance and idle intrigue have found their true vehicle, far from the mild gentry of Jane Austen and their half-baked horning to the song and ribaldry and jesting of people who may have lived in Shakespeare's time and who absolutely have been made to live now.

Well. You may be able to tell that I liked this. I did. But not only that, the production was very much in the spirit of the play both technically and in terms of the acting. There was a bit of slowness at the first, especially in some long silences between Viola/Sebastian and others, yet this picked up over the period of the play and will no doubt continue to do so. The music, most of which was scored especially for this production, became somewhat difficult in tempo, yet again, the flow will improve with time.

I wouldn't miss this if I were you. Of course I haven't already. I'm very lucky. There may be some unmoved by the modernity of the production, yet would you be so hypocritical as to understand yet deny the meaning of "what you will?"

## **THE CHINESE AND DOCTOR FISH: WASHINGTON THEATER CLUB**

In two short one-act plays, Murray Schisgal, one-time lawyer, sax-player, teacher, pin-setter, et. al., has created a double vision, engagement and wedding ring set combined, of the trials of the young and old to make or preserve identity. The two are excruciatingly to the point, crystal-clear dilemmas couched in a humor of humanity and a warp of necessity.

Doctor Fish, the innovative young psychologist in his Manhattan office, all mod, with the schooled impulsion to prove his own theories, yet who is really the most apt experimental animal for them, receives the pleas of a common couple seemingly beset by the original sin: the inability to be open about sexuality. Yet with the characteristic turn-about of Schisgal's theater, Charlotte, the wife-patient, finally utters PENIS, and is freed from the bondage of her virgin mind. One then gets set for some obvious or so conclusion in the confrontation with the husband-patient. But so much emphasis on the wordiness of confrontation, there is no true touching; even so: when touched himself, Dr. Fish has hysterics, so obviously succumbs to the flaw of verbal psychology. There is then, no real image. Who can help those who cannot help himself?

The stage runs rampant with humor all through the play. Yet some of it seems, well, not unnecessary so much as distracting, misplaced or de-placed. No doubt, there is humor; I do laugh. But I'm not so sure that I want to. I am pulled back and forth in a zest for compassion in the face of trouble to being an unwitting sloth hanging on the zaniness of the situation. There is no doubt that this crux is intentional in the play; for it is only by irony, helplessness, and frustration that we really learn, yet it is also by seeing that when we laugh we are laughing at the possibility of someday finding ourselves caught in the same dilemma; so we, or rather, I look again at myself in the mirror of the stage; learning can be entertaining, yet entertainment is too much the pushing away, the transition into vicariousness.

In The Chinese, the second half of the evening, Schisgal explores again the same theme: dissolution in the face of an image, or, on the other hand, the possibility, in a clear view of one's own reality, of strength and conviction. Chester Lee, who doubts his parentage, and invites his father's wrath by asking too often who his real parents are, has invited a girl home to meet his parents, yet has been unable to admit his heritage to her. He has told her he is Jewish since everybody always thinks he is. It is "merely a habit."

And again, the play is dotted with questionable humor; things happen which are quite laughable in their unexpectedness, or which hinge on the verbal impetuosity of the characters and of their characters. Yet, as in the other play, the humor is merely a mask, sometimes too extreme to have any other effect than to shade the eye to the situation. Sudden and surprising laughter is the artificial fool, the jester, the comic relief, although relief is not needed some of the time. So it gets in the way a bit.

These two plays are not thrilling, not exciting, but in their whimsicality, and in the smooth yet not overwhelming production itself, they are appealing. Like a snack, or an appetizer, these plays, as stagecraft, entertain too much, to the point of tiresomeness, yet it is just that ennui reached at the end which makes me ask again: why laugh, why laugh. And then I must nibble some more and fill my appetite.

## **THE QUORUM: AT THE OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT**

Although the genre of comic review does not really usually fall justifiably into the category of so-called legitimate theater, it is, or can be, just as entertaining, and sometimes more direct than theater. The Quorum, at the Occidental Restaurant, not quite Georgetown, perhaps thank god for the change, is playing to capacity dinner audiences and certainly entertained albeit not so capacity late viewers.

Composed of five variously endowed performers and constructed by one guiding light in a little over a month, the themes are the great Federal City itself: Davey Marlin-Jones with accentuated accent and accompanied by his dog, Nose; the upper crust of the Northwest and its antic, oops, antique paraphernalia; the oh so informative interviews which seem to happen every minute of the day (a personality behind every litter can), a traffic planning consultant who plans traffic to concentrate the worst in one spot; the lament of the architypal hippy for a place to grow up in and become his own man, such as Hell's Kitchen; the doddering of babbled Pierre L'Enfant who designs the traffic circles accidentally with his beer-sopped stein, and last but not least (if I said so I'd probably be investigated) J. Edgar himself, every far-righteous American Boy's hero.

The show moves well; the transitions are quick and efficient, the roles cast exceedingly well from a five-man troupe (actually three men and two women). What is perhaps more pleasing than anything else is the happiness with which they work together and the enjoyment which seems to be shared by all of them. There is no prior subscription needed.

The Occidental, studded with perhaps thousands of pictures of the famous (for Washington) men and women who have sat at their tables, is as good as any place for them to start, perhaps better. The normal Washington over-exposure-syndrome, rave sceptically and then drop it, will perhaps not hurt this group. If they can continue to move as well as they do and to provide the script changing necessary in the dangerous business of comic review, perhaps they will, as we say in the business, "make it." I really hope so.

## **NEW ACTING SCHOOL**

Mark Mason, the director of Back Alley's very successful FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES last summer, has just begun a theatre laboratory with classes for children, teens, and beginning, intermediate and advanced actors. The classes are just starting at St. Mark's Church at 301 A St., SE and will cost between \$25 and \$50 for a ten week session. Another aspect of the program will be a laboratory Stage Company, a resident performing group which will present works of unusual interest at St. Mark's with the objective of creating a permanent ensemble company. For further information, call 525-3220.



# NEW JAZZ merril greene

Alice Coltrane: JOURNEY IN SATCHIDANANDA (Impulse AS 9203)

This album should not be analyzed, only listened to, meditated upon. Alice says:

"Direct inspiration for JOURNEY IN SATCHIDANANDA comes from my meeting and association with someone who is near and dear to me. I am speaking of my own beloved spiritual perceptor, Swami Satchidananda. Swamiji is the first example I have seen in recent years of Universal Love or God in action. He expresses an impersonal love, which encompasses thousands of people. Anyone listening to this selection should try to envision himself floating on an ocean of Satchidanandaji's love, which is literally carrying countless devotees across the vicissitudes and stormy blasts of life to the other shore. Satchidananda means knowledge, existence, bliss."

The entire album is Oriental, mystical, celestial and defies any categorization. On it Alice Coltrane plays the harp with such flowing, silvery ease and tranquility that it becomes a part of the tapestry of immeasurable beauty. Also, fluid piano in the collective image of the Hindu religion. Pharoah Sanders restrains himself considerably and produces music from his soprano sax in the manner of a faithful transcendentalist. Cecil McBee's bass is incredible on all cuts but the final, on which Charlie Hayden (Ornette Coleman's sideman) plays admirably. Majid Shabazz on bells and tamborine, Rashied Ale, drums; Vishu Wood on the oud, all play with sensitivity.

Alice Coltrane's compositions come from the heart and a more radiant album cannot be found.

Herbie Hancock: MWANDISHI (WB 1898)

This album is in the same realm as the Alice Coltrane LP. It, too, is for meditation. His compositions are other-worldly, loosely constructed, and crystalline. Herbie Hancock plays Fender, Rhodes, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Hart, Drums; Eddie Henderson, trumpet; Benny Maupin, bass clarinet, alto flute; Julian Priester, trombone; also Jose "Cepito" Areas, congas, timbales and Ron Montrose on guitar. The instruments play in fragments -- all seem to be on an equal level. The flute and trumpet seem to guide the listener through a world of wandering spirits, floating above the earth in the third archon. The piano lights the way. This album is never driving, it simply drifts pleasantly. A fine LP.

Leon Thomas: THE LEON THOMAS ALBUM (Flying Dutchman - 132)

I have mixed feelings about this LP. It's certainly easy to listen to; it swings with strong rhythms and the tunes are definitely hummable (even if you can't yodel). The first side is of the 'whimsical, humorous' type. The lyrics have much to be desired and Thomas does mostly straight singing. His voice is pleasant and his sidemen turn out tight driving music. There are a few nice flute riffs but after one has memorized the words (which isn't a difficult task) and can sing the melody there just ain't much left. Side Two is a bit different. This is a better example of Leon Thomas' talents. His vocal acrobatics are often indistinguishable from the instruments. The entire side is "Pharoah's Tune (The Journey)," composed jointly by Thomas and Pharoah Sanders; it is more sophisticated and complex. An LP worth picking up on -- good for times when you don't feel like thinking.

Chico Hamilton: EL EXIGENTE -- THE DEMANDING ONE (Flying Dutchman - 135)

Chico Hamilton has been around for quite a while and has mid-wifed many musicians now in the top ranks of jazz. This LP is inconsistent. Some parts are pushing, some drag. Chico's drumming is always sensitive and Bob Mann's guitar holds everything together, along with Steve Swallow's uncomplicated bass lines. Unfortunately, Arnie Lawrence who plays electric alto sax seems to untie all the well intentioned efforts of the rest. He is, at best conventional and uninventive -- the capital anethema of the jazz musician. Sorry, I've heard better.

## HARD SELL SOFT SELL FILMS THAT PERSUADE

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A dissection of Richard M. Nixon's political life; American propaganda films for and against former enemies and allies; an evening of political television commercials going back to the early days; films for and against the Vietnam war; calls to arms and anti-war classics; USIA's choice of its best films; revolutionary manifestos from the Third World and from the cellars of New York; Russian revolutionary classics---these are some of the highlights of HARD SELL/SOFT SELL: FILMS THAT PERSUADE, the exciting and controversial program to be presented at the AFI Theatre from April 16 through May 6.

The AFI Theatre has no political bias, but during these weeks it will screen many eloquent and outspoken propaganda films, some of the best ever made, along with quietly persuasive films that may prove even more effective. These films provide a program intended to provoke passion and reflection, a program to demonstrate how powerful a force is the cinema- for good and ill.

(Because some of the films were not confirmed at press time, we have not printed a list of features. There will be a full listing in the next issue of WOODWIND, due on April 20th or so; in the meantime, since the program starts on the 16th, check the daily papers, or call 554-1000. This should be an excellent program.)

## ANNOUNCING!

17

### FREEDOM SEDER

For the past two years, Jews for Urban Justice (JUU), an activist group in D.C. struggling for a sense of community and resistance, sponsored a "Freedom Seder". It incorporated Arthur Waskow's new haggadah for Passover into a mass celebration where 800 freaks, grandmothers, revolutionaries, suburbanites, yeshiva students, and high school people came to be together on this, now universal holiday. (At Cornell, Phil Berrigan surfaced amid 4,000 celebrants, when the traditional cup of wine for Elijah was poured.) This year, for a number of reasons, we are not sponsoring a mass Seder. Instead, we are encouraging families, collectives, organizations, colleges, to have their own Seders. If you want help, advice, or whatever, call Dave or Peter at the FABRANGEN (a Jewish counter-cultural center) ---667-7829. If you want copies of the "Freedom Seder-A New Haggadah for Passover" (it has instructions in it) at discount prices, we'll sell them 10/\$10. Call me, Mike Tabor, at 462-1982 and I'll try and help get them to you. Finally, if you're lonely, alone or don't have a Seder you can go to (and don't want to pay rip-off prices at a synagogue), call the FABRANGEN and I'm sure you can come to ours. One word of caution, the Seder is a fusion of old and new, traditional and untraditional. Marcuse, Gandhi, Yevtushenko and Cleaver are celebrated alongside Moses Exodus, and Rabbi Akiba. This is a "third night" Seder, one which is contemporary and written for us, today, now. Don't come expecting a complete, traditional Seder.

All Power to the People  
&  
Shalom

### THE FABRANGEN

A place, an idea, and a community all focused around a process of "coming together" in order to participate in the renewed development of a wholistic Jewish Culture - this is FABRANGEN. The name itself, which is Yiddish for "coming together", was borrowed from the Hasidic Jewish Community which uses it to refer to an event at which the followers of a particular Rabbi come together to learn from him, to tell stories, to sing and dance, and to celebrate the existence of their Rebbe, their community, their God, and their life. We do not have the highly developed and totally unified culture that our Hasidic Haverhim do but we are dedicated to working toward its development. Our task is to relate to the Unity of Life not through an individual like the Rebbe but through a living process focused about the struggle for the coming of the Messianic Age. Such a process must involve social/political action, celebration of the mysteries and beauties of life, study, human interaction, and creative artistic expression.

Those of us who have been involved in the early stages of development of the FABRANGEN have tried to orient ourselves and hence our programs toward such a process. Central to our thinking has been the need to work communally because of a belief that any genuine culture must be a natural organic expression of a community of people united on multi-dimensional lines, ie. neither solely on ideological or ethnic lines. On the other hand, we also believe that such a community can develop only through working and celebrating together.

At this stage of our development we have received some money, have rented a building, have hired a two-man staff, and have sketched out some programs. We intend to provide counseling services to anyone requesting them in the area of the draft, drugs, legal problems, and psychological problems. The two staff people are both lawyers and will be backed up by volunteer professionals in the other areas. Naturally all such services will be provided at no cost.

In addition we have set up a few seminars conducted by knowledgeable and competent people. On Tuesday nights, Arthur Waskow leads a discussion on Marxism, anarchism, and Judaism; on Wednesday nights, David Shneyer teaches Hebrew and Robert Agus leads an inquiry into a new Halacha; on Friday afternoons, David explains Jewish prayer forms; and on Saturday afternoons Rabbi Harold White explores Hasidism. As yet unscheduled are courses in Yiddish, Yiddish Literature, and the Book of Psalms.

Every Friday night we have a Shabbat celebration that consists of a free-flowing creative, participatory service and a communal meal. Shabbas is so important because it represents a prefiguration of the Messianic time; it is a day where we attempt to transcend our everyday existence in order to glimpse what lies ahead if we are willing to struggle for it. The purpose of our celebration, which includes Torah study on Saturday morning, is to renew our bonds with ourselves, with each other, and with the Unity of Life so that we might have the strength to carry on.

An important part of any wholistic community must be creative expressions. Therefore we are planning to set up workshops in such media as silk-screening, painting, photography, film-making, printing, music and craft-making - we want to develop new Jewish clothes by unalienated tailors and garment workers. So far we have located people who are willing to lead such workshops; now we need people who are interested in expressing themselves.

Located at 2158 Florida Avenue, N.W., the FABRANGEN is open to anyone. The telephone number is 667-7829. We are anxious to hear from anyone who is interested in what we are doing and would like to be involved.

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# 18 BEYOND THE AVANT GARDE

CHRISTIAN WOLFF - EASTER SUNDAY

by stephen allen whealton

At 3:00 p. m. on Easter Sunday, April 11, 1971, Washington, D. C. will be treated to a rare and auspicious musical event. At the Corcoran Gallery of Art, three musicians will perform music - both recent and old - by Christian Wolff. Christian Wolff himself will be one of the performers; he will work mostly with his own electric guitar. Helping him will be David Behrman, who plays viola, and Frederic Rzewski, who plays piano. All of these musicians will use strange instruments, electronic distortions, and unorthodox performing techniques.

It is not a simple thing to describe or to characterize Christian Wolff's music. To begin with, it must be categorized under "classical," for it surely belongs nowhere else. Next, it must be called "avant-garde," for it partakes of many new ideas. The problem with these descriptions is that they give the wrong impression of Christian Wolff's music.

Basically, Wolff's pieces are quiet. They are filled with silences which are occasionally broken by sound. The sounds are not frenetic, impassioned, or expressionistic, as is the case with Webern's music, however. In the music of Christian Wolff, the infrequent sounds are simple, beautiful. The cool placidity has nothing in it of "cool" jazz, with its detachment and refusal to be involved. It is cool like a breeze or a mountain spring, rather than cool by not being warmly human.

The music which Christian Wolff writes is constructed in original, provocative, and quite unorthodox ways. Some quotes from instructions to his pieces will help here to give a flavor of Wolff's musical mind:

(From "Edges," which will be the first piece played on Easter Sunday at the Corcoran)

"The signs on the score are not primarily what a player plays. They mark out a space or spaces, indicate points, surfaces, routes, or limits. A player should play in relation, in, and around the space thus partly marked out."

Here, the composer goes on to say that performers ought not to play the symbols which appear in the score, but rather they should avoid them. He then describes the process of avoidance.

As in all of Christian Wolff's pieces except for a few, the performers must think consciously about the kinds of sounds they are making at all times. Each performer must be aware of whether a sound is high or low, whether it is loud or soft, whether it is a certain pitch or not. This applies not only in deciding how one will choose which note or notes to play next, but also in listening to other performers for cues. In this respect, Wolff's music shares a lot with jazz.

Another example from one of Wolff's scores can show his ways of coordinating performers' interactions: (from Duet I)

(The instructions here are given in explication of a symbol which will appear in the score. The symbol is of Wolff's own creation.)

"Coordinate as closely as possible both attack and release without however any intentional signals. i. e. somebody has to make the first move and somebody the last and the other react as quickly as possible. Needless to say, the one who attacked first need not be the initiator of the release."

These instructions derive from a piece which will not be performed, but they are applicable to several that will be performed. They show how performers interact in typical pieces.

The sounds themselves are determined in some cases by the performers, in some cases completely by the composer, and in some cases partly by the composer's original choice and plan and partly by the performers' decisions and their choices. Again, Wolff's pieces share this similarity with jazz.

The second piece on the program, entitled Fits and Starts, features more-or-less independent strands of rhythm which are articulated and made audible by performers in more-or-less their own ways. That is, each performer is allowed to choose his own sounds and to count out his own rhythms. The score describes a set of rhythmic patterns which may be followed, and the various players select from among these. The beat for each rhythm should be approximately 1 second to a beat, and each play should try (but not too hard) to have a beat different from all the others' beats.

The third and fourth pieces are related. The first is called Tilbury, and the next is Tilbury 3. Both of these were named after John Tilbury, an English pianist for whom both were written. Each of them uses an idea of cycles. Christian Wolff has divided musical composition into several stages for these pieces, and then he has set each stage into an orbit or cycle. For each cycle, there is a pattern of numbers. After all of the cycling, numbering, and working-out has been accomplished, the pieces are written. The effect of the cycles is that notes, or patterns of notes, recur every so often.

A similar piece is For Piano I, which dates from 1952. Frederic Rzewski will perform this extremely difficult, but not difficult-seeming, piece. It is based upon a cycle of nine pitches, ranging from the very highest part of the piano keyboard to the very lowest. It is written out, and on some occasions, the acrobatics required of the player in skipping about the keyboard are truly phenomenal. Despite this, the piece is mostly silence, and the sounds are cool, as ever.

Last is a piece which is untitled. It will be called Untitled. It is a very recent piece, and more experimental even than Wolff's normal pieces are. Graphic symbols are used, and their musical meanings are explained. Then, in the score, these individual graphic symbols appear fused together. The idea is similar to that of Chinese characters, in which simple ideas are made complex and transformed by being combined.

So, the concert will cover the range of Christian Wolff's pieces in time from 1952 (For Piano I) down to 1971 (world premieres of Fits and Starts and Untitled, both 1971). In addition, it will cover a range of Wolff's pieces in terms of their nature, or in terms of how they were made. Fits and Starts is a prose piece, consisting entirely of verbal instructions. Tilbury and Tilbury 3 make use of an almost conventional musical notation system, as does For Piano I. Edges is an exceptional piece. Performances of it in the past have often been exciting, loud, and foreboding of gloom or disaster. The avoiding of written notations by the performers may have something to do with this.

Christian Wolff creates musical patterns in search of a sound. He has not yet "found" it completely, but various pieces along the way are satisfying partial attainments. One purpose of his instructions is to prevent performers from taking untoward liberties with their freedoms. A very common way of doing this is to keep the performers so busy with practical matters that they have no time to think about how the music will sound, no time to think about being expressive, no time to be cute, no time to worry.

Another function of Christian Wolff's music is to educate or to instruct. Here, the idea is to free performers' to improvise together on their own. By participating in the performance of some of Wolff's pieces, a performer might learn how to institute improvisations-with-discipline on his own.

I am looking forward to this concert. It costs \$1. to get in, and only \$0.50 for members of the Corcoran.

## PHENOMENA II

On Saturday night, April 17, 1971, Phenomena II will be performed, put on, or delivered, at the ballroom in George Washington University's student center at 8:00 p. m.

Phenomena II is a kind of light-show. Last November 14, Phenomena I was delivered in the very same ballroom, and it plodded along to a notable success, despite various technical problems (they bare of every technological artist).

Phenomena II, like Phenomena I, features my own films and slides. It is not at all a conventional light show, but it does consist of sights and sounds. The music is not rock, and the slides and films are not quite the same as the ones familiar from "wet shows," or other conventional events.

The music is in two parts. First there is a tape of excerpts from David Rosenboom's piece for ARP Synthesizer, electronic organ, and various other instruments - entitled How Much Better if Plymouth Rock had Landed on the Pilgrims. This tape is taken from a live performance in the very same George Washington University ballroom last June.

The other sound-track is my own. I have designed it specifically for Phenomena II, and if all goes well, it will be given out in four-channel stereo. The sounds all come from my voice, and the purpose is to accentuate the extraterrestrial and other-worldly feeling of the films and slides.

Phenomena II has its origin in science-fictional ideas. The films and slides are mostly attempts to create visual experiences which seem to be somehow evocative of everyday life on as-yet-undiscovered planets far off in space. Also, many of the designs were made with the idea of perceiving in inhuman ways. This does not mean the occult, ESP, or any kind of spiritualism, but rather the more mundane ideas of seeing in the infrared, the ultraviolet, microwaves, X-rays, etc.

The sounds, likewise, evoke other environments than ours. Similarly, they were made with my own imaginings of ultrasonic sounds in mind.

The event will be free. It will begin at 8:00 and proceed until we all get tired, which will probably be about 10:00. I hope to see you there.

stephen allen whealton



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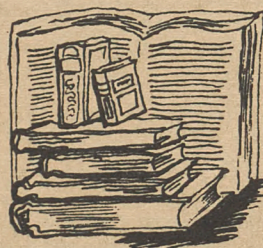
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# Gallery- Merril Greene

THEA EKSTROM AT THE GALLERY MARC

The artist has always been conceived of as a mystic. He is the realist and the prophet. Seeing the people drawn toward the tangible, he clothes pieces of the cosmos in the language of Everyman and hopes that a new searcher will look through the paint and find the stars. This magic has existed since man began to "create." Its conjurations have taken various forms: Man's need to explain the universe's mysteries, his religious yearnings, his dabbings in the supernatural, and the natural elements--color and form and space.

Thea Ekstrom personifies the alchemical artist. Her watercolors and oil encaustics are at the Gallery Marc through April 17th; it is a mysterious and absorbing show. A native Swede, the artist was born in 1920 and now lives and works in Stockholm. Her first exhibit came relatively late in life in 1960. Critical acclaim greeted the show and resulted in a retrospective showing of her work given by the Modern Museum in Stockholm the same year. Several of her paintings were included in its traveling exhibition "The Modern Museum Visits Louisiana (Museum) In Denmark." Since then, Thea has become a major figure on the European art scene, her paintings belonging to the permanent collections of nearly every Swedish museum of importance as well as the National Museum of Finland. She has been invited to exhibit in the primary museums and galleries in Denmark, Finland, Germany, Japan, and the United States, and her work has been included in the 1962 International Watercolor Biennial at the Brooklyn Museum and the exhibition "Twelve Swedish Artists Visit the U.S.A." As a participant in the 1968-69 survey "Sweden Today: Painting and Sculpture" organized by and shown at the Corcoran Gallery, her work traveled to leading museums throughout the United States.

Thea Ekstrom's encaustics share the whimsical, fantastic moods and loose composition of Paul Klee. She, too, plays with space and time in her paintings. The curvilinear objects are not the visual, mental end; rather they are unpredictable beginnings upon which Miss Ekstrom elaborates. Her encaustics are loosely populated with strange, unidentifiable forms--unprostituted images from the artist's "third eye." Unlike the brilliant outer-space hues in Klee's work, Thea compromises cosmos and terra with subdued atmospheric colors: pale azures and sandy umbers. Her shapes have no substance, they float around the canvas, unearthly but strangely organic.

The watercolors should be viewed from a maximum of four inches. Their theoretical contradictions and exciting complexity produce so complicated a total image that the paintings can only be appreciated in pieces. Thea Ekstrom wets the paper and dashes the paint on allowing it to blot, spread, and fuzz. Here begins a magical mystery tour, the psychological meanderings of the artist--the thoughts that lodge in the inner mind and flow from the sable brush and pen point and let her imagination and intuition guide it. Emerging and sinking into the paper are amoeba-like shapes, lines forming patterns, and signs and symbols perhaps from the ancient Egyptian Books of the Dead or the recipes of alchemical sorcerers. Thea Ekstrom stirs the ingredients into an intricate brew and explores the unknowns of the past, the future, and the Mind.

ROCKNE KREBS AT THE JEFFERSON PLACE GALLERY 19

Jefferson Place has managed to put together a show that has something for everyone: the scientist and the artist have become synonymous in the form of Rockne Krebs, a young man who has harnessed the powers of nature and chained them to his imagination. And the gallery has given a clear picture of the man's genius. Rooms are filled with pages from his notebooks: diagrams, sketches, and explanations of inventions and prospective projects. Upstairs several free-standing plexiglass sculptures gather the sunlight and prisms cast spectral patches on the walls and ceilings. In one darkened room, a ruby laser beam is his sculptural medium.

Rockne Krebs was born in Kansas City, Missouri in 1938 and attended Kansas University where he received his B. F. A. in 1961. During the following three years he served with the Navy making his residence in Washington in 1964. His honors are numerous becoming an Artist Fellow of the Washington Gallery of Modern Art Workshop Program in 1968, recipient of the Cassandra Foundation Award in 1969, and the National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship--1970.

Upon entering the rooms filled with pages from his notebooks one is immediately struck with the fact that here are the raw ideas, the means for reaching the visual ends. This revisiting of the steps must be the next best thing to knowing the artist personally. On the second floor of the gallery, the single room is filled with the drapings of Sam Gilliam accompanied by the modular plexiglass sculptures of Krebs. The simple shapes are finely constructed and the edges have been inlaid with rivulets of brilliant colors obscuring the joints and deceiving the eye. The shifting light in the room creates new shadows changing the facets of the immobile cells. As in all of the artist's work, light is an integral part of the piece if not the piece itself.

On the top floor and in the stair well prisms cast rainbow patches on the walls. As the sun makes its daily journey across the sky, so too do the patches of light and color that the artist has reined and added to his name. The art of Rockne Krebs slips through your fingers; his art reflects the universe for it is in the state of constant metamorphosis.

Looping back to the first floor, the room to the left is black. The eye, being unused to the darkness sends messages of uncertainty to the rest of the body; already one is affected by the art (rather its environment without ever seeing it. After a few hesitating steps down a narrow hall, the space opens into a room equally black save three mirrors, two on opposing walls and one centered on the ceiling. Three ruby lasers are mounted on one of the wall mirrors. The lasers use rubies whose chromium is excited by intense light. When the chromium atoms release energy they produce a light wave of a precise frequency. This light is called coherent because all the atoms that add to it act in unison with one another. As a result, the beams act as though they each come from one minute source. Thus, the narrow, intense beams of red light bounce back and forth between the three mirrors, and infinite reflections create the sculpture and eradicate the physical boundaries of the room. Being non-scientifically oriented my emotional rather than analytical instincts took over. Every H. G. Wells movie I had seen, every Superman comic strip I had ever read flashed past my eyes and I was in the science-fiction world of ray guns and Martians. That same feeling of simultaneous awe-struck fear and curiosity possessed me and I reached up and grabbed the cord of light, sure that I could grasp it and follow it into infinity... but it slipped through my fingers.

And so I left Jefferson Place and Rockne Krebs, but not the artist's materials. Light. The creator's creator.

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thurs. to 9



# Book Bag • Judy Willis

PLAY POWER by Richard Neville, Random House, 1970, 278pp., \$7.95 hardbound.

Counter-culture, Sub-culture, Underground Movement. Hippies. Yippies, Latter day Beatniks. Whatever you want to call the usually young people all over the world who in the last few years have forsaken whatever traditional format of life their society had set up for them and chosen instead to groove on rock, smoke dope, drop acid, let their hair down, have sex for fun but not necessarily profit, and roam around the world -- this book is about them and their way of life. Richard Neville chooses to call it the Underground.

Neville is editor of OZ in London. He's originally from Australia where he was busted for publishing an "obscene" magazine also called OZ. He was acquitted after two years of legal maneuvering, where upon he left for England by foot. After his arrival in London, he read in an evening newspaper that he was about to launch a London version of OZ. This was the first he had heard of his plans, but it sounded like a good idea, so he complied.

PLAY POWER Is about the international youth scene, with the accent on international. In this book Neville brings together the myriad of events, riots, rock concerts, bust, parties -which have occurred all over the globe in the past dozen years and shows that they are a coherent movement toward a new way of living in which play, not work, is all-important. "There is one quality which enlivens both the political and cultural denominations of Youth protest; which provides its most important innovation; which has the greatest relevance for the future; which is the funniest, freakiest and the most effective. This is the element of play..."

It is around this thesis that Neville presents the Hippiedom anecdotes of which the book is made. As you might guess he is more in sympathy with the Yippies in the U.S. than with Weatherman. For instance, he finds the Marxist orientation of an alliance between workers and students a myth.

"The Movement's essential anti-work, pro-play ethic explains why --- for all the New Left's braying flirtation with the working class -- the affair rarely blossoms into marriage. It is a phony courtship. Sometimes it is the young members of the Left who realise this themselves and change their style.... What about the workers? They're not fooled by the rantings of obsequious students. They know the revolution's done for fun---not them. And anyway, they hate the dirt and hair and polysyllables... Grubby Marxist leaflets and hand-me-down rhetoric won't put an end to toil. It will be an irresistible, fun-possessed, play-powered counter-culture."

Politics, sex, rock, pot, the "guerrilla" press, traveling--- whatever your particular bag, you will probably find it probed in this book. And if your reaction is like mine, you are likely to find most interesting, that which you are most interested in. I enjoyed the survey of the international underground press. In his discussion of the alternative media, Neville had included analysis of the contents of five papers--L.A. Free Press, East Village Other, IT, Berkeley Barb, and Good Times--- in the years 1966 to 1969. Appendix II is a directory to the World's Underground Press, and the number and locations of the newspapers are a good indication of the broad influence that the anti-establishment press has had in the last few years.

Neville comments on both of DC's underground papers, the now-defunct Free Press and the Quicksilver Times. He classifies Quicksilver, which must have just begun publishing when the book was written, with several "lightweights" which follow, in varying permutations and combinations, the John Wilcock dope sex music politics formula." He categorized the Free Press as a "heavy" paper in terms of its contents, a paper which managed to survive in spite of what he says was "dense political coverage and a total lack of humor." Of the underground press in general, Neville says, "If you don't read Underground papers you don't know what's going on in the world...."

Underground publications are not launched as vehicles for advertising. They are not thinly disguised party organs, disseminating 'news analysis' as a pretext for perpetrating a rigid moribund ideology. Usually, they are begun for fun, attracting a pool of underemployed creators bent on inventing a new language to communicate new ideas in a new style. They are not used like a cheer leader's megaphone to amplify last season's jingo-chants, but are free-for-all forums for a fresh kind of debate."

Unfortunately, Neville's statement is already out-of-date. Although when originally conceived, almost all underground papers were to be "free-for-all forums," too many of them have fallen into rhetoric and closed thinking that is just as bad, and to me scarier than that of establishment newspapers. Many underground papers have, in fact, become, "thinly disguised party organs." In some cases the "party-organ" function of the paper may even be conscious and intentional. The means of "education or "raising the consciousness"

of the masses is thought to justify the often unstated end of a freer, more open society. These papers are self-defeating. The danger in separating the means from the ends is that very often you get so caught up in the means that you forget there ever was any separate goal. So you replace on authoritarianism with another. You cannot brainwash your way to freedom. If your ends---your goal---is a free press, then the only means of accomplishing it is through freedom of the press.

If you're planning to travel around the East, you'll want to look into Neville's chapter on "the Pot Trail" which is a where-to-go and how-to-make-bread while you're going compendium. Neville has lots of tips on what crafts objects, and which guns and drugs will sell where and from the stories about Europeans rotting away in Turkish jails, I believe he would warn against pushing (or even possessing) drugs in Turkey. He also warns, rather mysteriously against another occupation: "Men in tight checked suits and horn-rimmed glasses will offer you small black cases to deliver to Copenhagen in return for a free air ticket to anywhere in the world, but don't." Appendix 3, "Traveling--Transport, Grass, and Crash-pads" gives further tips on pot and hash customs and hotel names and rates in Istanbul, Teheran, Kabul, Delhi, Calcutta, Katmandu, Rangoon, Bangkok, Vientiane, Singapore, Marrakesh, and Ibiza/Formentera.

Though the material in this book is fascinating, I kept wondering while reading why I was finding so much of it tedious. The answer, I realized, is Neville's pedantic style. It often reads like a textbook; "In Turkey, the methodical harassment of stoned Europeans is a phenomenon which is being carried out with ostentatious ferocity.... The correspondence of the unfortunate convicts delineates a harrowing picture of degradation, corruption and futility... Under Turkish law an informer is not only exonerated, but rewarded with money and return of his contraband." In the

In this and similar passages, the language is rather stilted for the lively subject matter.

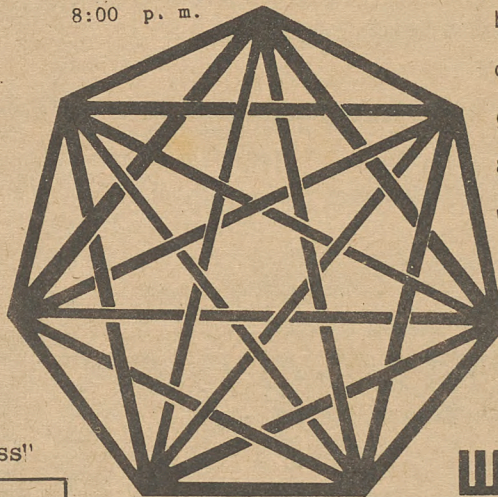
Neville does manage to get away from polysyllables when four letter words would do enough to make the book readable. Two of the best passages are an account of the Rolling Stones Concert at Hyde Park in July, 1969, and a section entitled "Otis Cook- A Hippie Odyssey," which tells about one man's travels from L.A. to Morocco to Paris to London to Morocco to Paris, etc. ad infinitum.

The author's thesis, which he expounds in the last chapter, that the politics of play will replace the politics of work, is attractive. But it probably won't happen that way. Neville's argument is based, economically, on the fact that it is becoming impractical to have full employment, therefore we will soon be paid not to work. This is not an idea original with him, as he points out in his footnotes. Much of his thinking is derived from several cyberneticists and from Sebastian de Grazia's OF TIME, WORK AND LEISURE, which I started to read once but never finished because it was too much work. This theory opposes the puritan ethic that man finds satisfaction from work by defining work as that which is ungratifying and boring and which we only do either because we need to work to earn money, or because we have been conditioned to feel guilty if we don't work. Neville says, "Man has been taught to cherish his right to toil. His reward is subsistence income, a joyless task and working conditions which are often unsafe, usually unhealthy. Man's right to work is the right to be bored for most of his natural life."

Play, on the other hand, is essentially hedonistic in the positive Greek sense. That is, you do something because you enjoy doing it, not because you need to do it in order to get something else such as food or money. Neville maintains that the Underground is paving the way for a world in which the politics of play replace our current politics of work. He says: "The Underground has abolished work... Instead, Underground people (1) Transform work (i.e. Work-Play); (2) Sow their own wild oats; (3) Fuck the system."

Yeah. I dig that. When's the Revolution?

saturday, april 17, 1971  
8:00 p. m.



ballroom, third floor  
cloyd heck marvin memorial center  
george washington university  
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washington, d. c. 20037

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1971  
8:00, P. M.

STEPHEN  
ALLEN  
WHEALTON

"how much better if plymouth rock had landed on the pilgrims"

additional music:

by david rosenboom

films, slides, and sound by stephen allen whealton

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## 22 A SELECTIVE DISCOGRAPHY

by stephen allen whealton

THIS LISTING CONCERNS AVANT-GARDE MUSIC, ONLY.

1. Ashley, Robert; In Memoriam CRAZY HORSE (symphony) (with Mumma, Cacioppo, Scavarda) Advance 5
2. Berio, Luciano; Sequenza VI, Chemins II, Chemins III. RCA LSC 3168. (cassette: RCA RK 1167)
3. Berio, Luciano; Sequenza for Solo Voice, Visage, 5 Variations. Candide CE 31027.
4. Boulez, Pierre; Marteau sans Maitre, Le. Turnabout 34081.
5. Brown, Earle; String Quartet (with Ligeti, Wolf Rosenberg) DGG 25 43 002.
6. Brown, Earle; 4 Systems. (with Bussotti, Cage, Feldman, Stockhausen) Columbia MS 7139.
7. Brown, Earle; Corroboree. (with Xenakis, Reynolds, Takahashi) Mainstream MS 5000.
8. Bussotti, Sylvano; Ultima Rara. (with Hartig, Castelnuovo-Tedesco) DGG 25 30 037.
9. Bussotti, Sylvano; Mabre, Solo, Rara, Rara, Rara (eco sierologico). Candide CE 31050.
10. Cage, John; TOWN HALL CONCERT. Avakian S-1. (3 discs.)
11. Cage, John; Indeterminacy. Folkways 3704. (2 discs)
12. Cage, John; Atlas Eclipticalis, Winter Music, Cartridge Music. (with Schnebel) DGG 137 009.
13. Cage, John; Variations II. (with Babbitt, Pousseur) Columbia MS 7051.
14. Cage, John; Keyboard Music. Columbia M2S 819. (2 discs)
15. Carrillo, Julián; Mass. CRI SD 246.
16. Carter, Elliott; Concerto for Orchestra. (with Schuman) Columbia M 30112.
17. Carter, Elliott; Double Concerto, Variations. Columbia MS 7191.
18. Carter, Elliott; String Quartet #1, String Quartet #2. Nonesuch 71249.
19. Carter, Elliott; Cello Sonata, Sonata for Harpsichord and Instruments. Nonesuch 71234.
20. Crumb, George; Eleven Echoes of Autumn. (with Wolpe) CRI SD 233.
21. Crumb, George; Night Music I. (with Robert Erickson) CRI SD 218.
22. Crumb, George; Five Pieces. (with Burge, Martirano, Rochberg) Advance 3.
23. Crawford, Ruth; String Quartet. (with Finney) Columbia CMS 6142.
24. Foss, Lukas; Baroque Variations. (with Cage) Nonesuch 71202.
25. Foss, Lukas; Non-Improvisation, Echoi, Fragments of Archilochos. Heliodor/WERGO 25 49 001
26. Foss, Lukas; Geod. Candide CE 31042.
27. Gerhard, Robert; Collages. (with Maxwell Davies) Angel S 36558.
28. Ives, Charles; Piano Music (complete) Desto 6458/6461.
29. Ives, Charles; Schuller conducts Ives. Columbia MS 7318.
30. Ives, Charles; Choral Music I. Columbia MS 6921.
31. Ives, Charles; Choral Music II. Columbia MS 7321.
32. Ives, Charles; Three Places in New England. (with Ruggles) DGG 25 30 048.
33. Ives, Charles; Three Quartertone Pieces for Two Pianos. (with Hampton, Lybbert, Macero) Odyssey 32 16 0162.
34. Ives, Charles; Zukofsky plays chamber works. Columbia M 30230.
35. Ives, Charles; Songs. Columbia M 30229.
36. Ives, Charles; Symphonies. Columbia D3S 783.
37. Ives, Charles; Holidays Symphony. Columbia MS 7147.
38. Ives, Charles; Orchestral Set #2, Robert Browning Overture, RCA LSC 2959. (Cartridge: RCA R8S 5051.)
39. Johnston, Ben; String Quartet #2. (with Cage) Nonesuch 71224.
40. Johnston, Ben; Casta Bertram. (with Cage, Oliveros) Nonesuch 71237.
41. Johnston, Ben; Duo for Flute and String Bass. (with Gaburo, Martino, Perle, Sydeman, Whittenberg.) Advance I.
42. Kagel, Mauricio; Fantasia for Organ with Obbligati. (with Ligeti, Allende-Blin) DGG 137 003.
43. Kagel, Mauricio; Hallelujah. (with Schnebel) DGG 137 010.
44. Kagel, Mauricio; Improvisation Ajoutée. (with Allende-Blin, Cage, Otte) Heliodor/WERGO 25 49 009.
45. Kagel, Mauricio; Ludwig van. DGG 25 30 014.
46. Kagel, Mauricio; Match for three Players, Music for Renaissance Instruments. DGG 137 006.
47. Kagel, Mauricio; Der Schall. DGG 25 43 001.
48. Koechlin, Charles; Les Bandar-Log, Opus 176. (with Boulez, Messiaen) Angel S 36295.
49. Ligeti, György; Requiem, Continuum, Lontano. Heliodor/WERGO 25 49 011.
50. Ligeti, György; Aventures, Nouvelles Aventures, Volumina, Atmospheres. Heliodor/WERGO 25 49 003.
51. Ligeti, György; Lux Aeterna. (with Bedford, Kopelent, Mellnaes) DGG 137 004. (Cartridge: 87-004; Cassette: 921-023.)
52. Lutosławski, Witold; String Quartet. (with Mayuzumi, Penderecki) DGG 137 001.
53. Martirano, Salvatore; O, O, O, O, that Shakspeherian Rag. (with Rochberg) CRI 164.
54. Messiaen, Olivier; Couleurs de la Cité Celeste, Et Exspecto Mortuorem Resurrectionem. Columbia MS 7356.
55. Messiaen, Olivier; Oiseaux Exotiques, Reveil des Oiseaux, La Buscarle. Candide CE 31002.
56. Nancarrow, Conlon; Studies for Player Piano. Columbia MS 7222.
57. Nono, Luigi; Canciones a Guiomar. (with Xenakis, del Tredici, Takemitsu) Columbia MS 7281.
58. Partch, Harry; Windsong, Bewitched, Castor and Pollux, Cloud Chamber Music, Wayward Letter. CRI 193.
59. Partch, Harry; Daphne of the Dunes, Barstow, Plectra, Castor & Pollux. Columbia MS 7207.
60. Partch, Harry; And on the Seventh Day the Petals Fell on Petaluna. CRI SD 213.
61. Penderecki, Krzysztof; Stabat Mater, Anaklasis, Psalmen Davids, Sonata for Cello and Orchestra, Fluorescences. Mace MX 9090.
62. Penderecki, Krzysztof; Dies Irae, Polymorphia, De Natura Sonoris. Philips 900 184.
63. Penderecki, Krzysztof; St. Luke Passion, Threnody. Philips PHS 2 901.
64. Riegger, Wallingford; Music for Brass Choir, Opus 45; Movement, Opus 66; Nonet, Opus 49. (with Etler) CRI SD 229.
65. Riley, Terry; The Hall of Mirrors in the Palace at Versailles. (with Cale) Columbia C 30131.
66. Riley, Terry; A Rainbow in Curved Air, Poppy Nogood and the Phantom Band. Columbia MS 7315.

TO BE CONTINUED

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TUESDAY- April 6  
 -TWELFTH NIGHT, by W. Shakespeare at the Folger, by Folger Theatre Group; info, 546-4986  
 -TOM RUSH opens at the Cellar Door for one week  
 -HAIR continues at the National Theatre  
 -RINGLING BROTHERS and BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS remains at the Coliseum through April, the 18th.  
 -8pm- AFI, "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy" info, 554-1000.  
 -8:30pm- THE CHINESE and DR. FISH, plays at Washington Theatre Club, continuing...  
 -8:30pm- VERDI REQUIEM, Antal Dorati conduct with soloists from La Scala at Constitution Hall, DAR.  
 -8:30- JULIAN CHAGRIN in "One on One", at the Hartke Theatre, CU  
 -8:30pm- PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY at Lisner Aud., GWU  
 -8:30pm- JB HUTTO, legendary blues man at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church

WEDNESDAY, April 7  
 -Every Wednesday thru Sunday, at 10:30, 12:30 and 2:30, "The Waywardly Wandering Wagonful of Banjo and Jack", puppet theatre at the National Museum of History and Technology Auditorium.  
 -8pm- AFI, "Easter Parade", a glossy musical, for info, 554-1000  
 -8:30pm- VERDI REQUIEM, see April 6  
 -8:30pm- PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY, see 6th

THURSDAY, April 8  
 -7 and 9pm- FILM, "Cul-de-Sac" by Roman Polanski, at the Corcoran Gallery  
 -8pm- AFI, "The Misfits" with Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable and Montgomery Clift, info 554-1000  
 -8:30pm- CONCERT, The Julliard String Quartet at Coolidge Aud., Library of Congress

FRIDAY, April 9  
 -PEGGY LEE opens at the Shoreham  
 -ROD AND CUSTOM SHOW opens at the National Guard Armory  
 -8pm- AFI, "Double Indemnity", directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwick, info 554-1000  
 -8:30pm- Concert, ELLA FITZGERALD and COUNT BASIE, plus the Tommy Flanagan Trio at Constitution Hall  
 -8:30pm- Concert, JULLIARD STRING QUARTET, at Coolidge Aud., Library of Congress  
 -9pm- "Training for Intimacy" a marathon session guided by Paul Bindrim at Quest  
 -MAYFIELD SMALL at Mr. Henry's, Capitol Hill

SATURDAY, April 10  
 3pm- AFI, National Geographic Series, "The Mystery of Animal Behavior" and "Holland Against the Sea" info, 554-1000  
 -7:30pm- THE KUBAN COSSAKS at Lisner Aud., GWU  
 -8pm- AFI, "All About Eve", directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, info 554-1000  
 -8pm- Mayfield Small at Mr. Henry's, Capitol Hill  
 -8pm- FILM- "King Rat", at Corcoran Film Program, Corcoran Gallery  
 -4pm- "Training for Infancy", a marathon at the Quest Center  
 -9pm- Opening and Integrating the Self: an intensive experimental workshop in two phases, at Quest

SUNDAY, April 11  
 2:30- FREE GROK concert down at the Sylvan Theatre with Sageworth & Drums, Magic Touch, Sunshine Liberation, 3 gospel groups, the Mayor and maybe some surprises...  
 -3pm- CHRISTIAN WOOLF (new music) at the Corcoran Gallery, \$1.00  
 -3pm- AFI, National Geographic Films, see Saturday...  
 -4 and 8:30pm- ELTON JOHN and Ballin' Jack at the Painter's Mill Music Fair, Baltimore, Md.  
 -8pm- AFI, "The Lost Weekend", directed by Billy Wilder, starring Ray Milland, info 554-1000  
 -8pm- HOOT at the Cellar Door  
 -9pm- Opening and Integrating the Self (see the 10th)

MONDAY, April 12  
 -THE (fantastic) FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS and Fraser and Debolt open for a week at the Cellar Door (go, go, go...)  
 -7:30pm- "TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK", Library of Congress, Coolidge Aud.  
 -8pm- AFI, "East of Eden", directed by Elia Kazan, starring James Dean, info 554-1000  
 -7&10pm- BALLIN' JACK and WISHBONE ASH in concert at the Virginia Theatre, Alexandria, \$3.50 in advance, \$4 at the door.

## Coming Performances

### APRIL

5-10

## TOM RUSH

plus JUDEE SILL

11 HOOT

12-17 **Flying Burrito Brothers**  
 FRASER AND DEBOLD

18 HOOT

19-24 **John Hartford**

26-May 1 **Linda Ronstadt**

MAY 3-8 **Mimi Farina**

Hootenanny every Sunday night

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TUESDAY, April 13

-THE SAMMY DAVIS Jr. SHOW opens at the Shady Grove Music Fair for one week (thru the 18th)  
 -7:30pm- TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK, see Monday, 12th  
 -8pm- AFI, "Laura" directed by Otto Preminger, with Clifton Webb, info 554-1000  
 -8:30pm- Antal Dorati conducting the National Symphony Orchestra at Constitution Hall

WEDNESDAY, April 14

-8pm- AFI, "Quick Billie" and "The Devil's Bargain", new films, respectively from Bruce Baillie and Tim Hunter, made for AFI  
 -8pm- films, "A Salute to the Silent Screen Artistry of Harold Lloyd", including "A Sailor Made Man" and "Never Weaken", at the Virginia Theatre in Alexandria (info 549-9000, or 554-1000)  
 -8pm- Play, AS YOU LIKE IT, by Bill Shakespeare performed by the British Embassy Players at the National Presbyterian Church  
 -8:30pm- Antal Dorati conducting the National Symphony at Constitution Hall

THURSDAY, April 15

-LEFT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE- the Hexagon Club's satirical review, thru May 1, info 931-7144  
 -7 and 9pm- film, "The Raven" directed by Roger Corman, at the Corcoran Gallery of Art  
 -8pm- AFI, "Splendor in the Grass", Elia Kazan is the director, Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty are the stars, info 554-1000

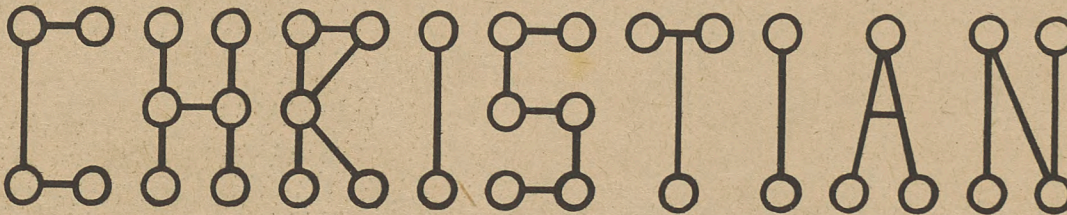
FRIDAY, April 16

-8pm- National Ballet- "Four Temperaments", "Seeds", "Paquita", at Lisner, GWU  
 -8pm- AFI, "Ice" by Robert Kramer, a film of the the Revolution, info 554-1000

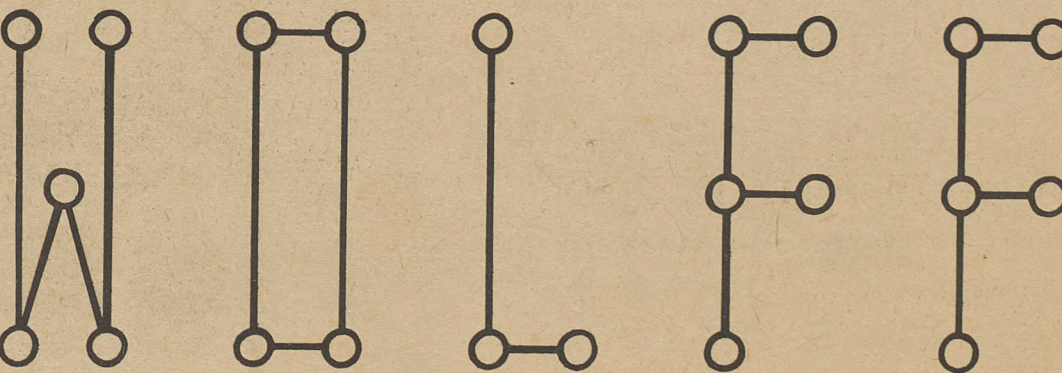
EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1971, at 3:00 p. m.

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CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



"His pieces are quiet, short, and very beautiful." -Virgil Thomson



PERFORMERS:

David Behrman  
 Frederic Rzewski  
 Christian Wolff

\$1.00 admission / \$0.50 for members

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MELODY MAKER, February 13, 1971

B.B. Productions:



# Ballin'jack &



# Wish Bone Ash

Monday  
**April 12<sup>th</sup>** **7<sup>PM</sup> & 10<sup>PM</sup>**

Virginia Theater

**\$3.50** Advance **\$4.00** Door

**BALLIN' JACK:** "Ballin' Jack" (CBS). Ballin' Jack play angry violent music, in the context of a rock band dressed up with spluttering brass and soaring gospel harmonies. Sounding not unlike Santana with brass, this, their first album, is enough to establish them as a band to be reckoned with. Ballin' Jack must be a gas on stage with their compelling beat that demands of you to get up and start bopping with them. Ballin' Jack sum it all up in their song "Street People," when they say "We've got to find a new thing." — M.P.

MELODY MAKER, February 13, 1971

**JOHN PEEL:** "I heard Wishbone Ash for the first time, and haven't been so impressed with a relatively new band for a long time. Their music is original, exciting and beautifully played."

Wishbone Ash are indeed a fine band. I levelled criticism at them in a review of the new album. Maybe because they were a little "samey" — but hope did lie within them.

It's an unbelievable fact really that Wishbone have only been on the road for one year. During that time they have chalked up an enviable reputation for "fair dos," good playing, and sheer hard work. In Ted Turner and Andy Powell they possess two of the most listenable, together lead guitarists around, and there's fine gelling with vocalist Martin Turner, and Steve Upton (drums) as well.

For an out of town band, they've done remarkably well. The album has already made the MM album charts. "In one year's work we are able to look back and see that we have been making a progression. We have never stagnated, if we had done we would have been very depressed," Andy told me.

"When two lead guitarists have been working solidly for one year, it's inevitable that they get an incredibly tight sound. We aimed to be dynamic, and I feel it's turned out that way," said Andy.

"I feel we are then a little different to a two guitars, drums and bass unit as such. We wring every ounce out of our format, and can't for one minute think there's an end to rock music. So many groups have missed the point, they've missed out. We keep going on straight down-the-line."



Tickets at: All Slak Shaks; Hang-ups;  
Sixth Sense; and All Rag Bags.  
Phone information: 948-9400